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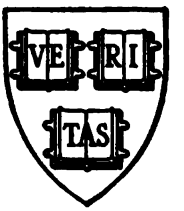

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THE

CABINET ANNUAL.

CALENDAR

1855

CABINET ANNUAL

1855

THE

CABINET ANNUAL:

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT

FOR

MDCCCLV.

Elegantly Illustrated.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.
1855.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1854,

BY E. H. BUTLER & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE TWO FATHERS.

A SCOTTISH SCENE.

BY JOHN WILSON.

THERE was the sound of stifled sobbing throughout the whole house: the fires were extinct on all the hearths; and by the glimmer of neglected lights small groups of weeping friends were sitting in remote rooms, silent, or now and then uttering a few words from which all the tones of hope had faded away, and that struck their hearts, at intervals, like the very toll of the passing bell. In one apartment there was a perfect hush, and no more motion than on a frozen sea. Therein lay on her deathbed, but still breathing, as sweet a child as ever folded hands before God,—over her countenance, white as the shroudlike sheet, her parents had long been hanging, and dropping their last kisses on the closed unconscious eyes,—he whose skill had been in vain bestowed on the sufferer night and day stood at the foot of the couch, with a solemn face overspread with that profound pity which melteth not in tears, —and the holy man who had continued to read to her the words of Him who died to save sinners, even after her speech was gone, and her resignation was seen only in a few fast vanishing smiles, now bowed down his silver hairs

in the gloom, and at the very moment of her soul's departure to heaven, remained in the posture of reverential prayer.

The change from life to death, gradual as it may have been in its progress, smites the loving heart that beholds it with a pang as sudden as if there had been no previous despair. There had been a faint irregular breath for the parents to listen to,—there had been a motion of the bosom for them to gaze on,—a quivering of the eyelids that, miserable though it was to see, showed that their child was yet among the living. But now, breath or motion there was none,—her name was the name of a shadow—for her life had ceased to be,—she had left the world in which they dwelt and would continue to dwell;—the separation was infinite, the loss beyond the power of their smitten hearts to conceive, and religion itself, that had hitherto borne them up, deserted them in that extremity, and they both sank down together on the floor. No foot approached them—no hand was stretched out to succour them in their swoon,—for the friends who beheld the agony stood aloof in their awe, and left them to the care of Him who in his most dreadful judgments is still the God of mercy.

For an hour, the parents were left alone in that chamber —for scenes of suffering there are, which to witness is almost to profane. None went near them; and the few dear friends that were in the house dropped away one by one to their own homes. The servants watched every louder groan that echoed through the stillness of the dark,

and in whispers spoke of the saintly character of the beloved dead. "Too good was she," they said; "too beautiful to live long;" and she who had tended her from her birth showed a ringlet of her hair cut off during her last mortal sleep, while many a tear fell on its golden glow from eyes little used to weep, and sentiments were expressed by those humble folk most affecting in their purity and solemnity:—such is the influence of sacred sorrow on the spirits of all the children of the dust.

Hurried feet were heard descending the stair, and the sound died away at distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and lo! with one arm below the head of the corpse, and the other across its breast, lay the mother in a profound sleep! Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelical smile was on both,—but no one else was present, and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.

On he went, blind and deaf to all outward things, yet unconsciously drawn, as if by the power of some invisible spirit, towards the solitary parish church, that stood, among its multitude of burial heaps, under the gloom of an old pine grove. Lonesome was the road he took, up a ravine darkened with trees, and filled with the constant thunder of waterfalls. To his ear the place was silent as the grave. Unappalled he passed along the edges of precipices, and close to the brink of many an abyss, like one walking in his sleep, and to whom danger is not, because he has no

fear. The confused sense of some unimaginable calamity drove him along; for his soul in its passion could no longer grapple with realities, and all it knew was that there had been most dismal death. Misery more than man could endure was quaking at his heart—but his reason was so shaken, that it lost hold of the cause why of all God's creatures on this wretched earth he should be the most wretched, and thus ordered out for ever and ever into the haunted wilderness.

There came a pause to his agony, and lifting up his eyes, once more he knew the heavens, and wept. Then the image of his child lay before him, with its face looking up to all those glorious luminaries, and he remembered that she was dead. His seat was a gravestone—the shadows of the church-tower lay across the moonlit burial-ground—and the far-off mysterious murmur of midnight was as a sound from another world.

Then arose, in the silence of that lonesome churchyard, the clamour of a grief that knew not how great it was, till, far away from human voice and eye, it thus poured itself forth like a torrent, sounding along when all living things were asleep. All the blessings that Providence had bestowed,—so many, so pure, so high, and so undeserved, —were now all forgotten, or remembered in bitterness of spirit, almost with an upbraiding ingratitude. "What means the goodness of God, since he has gathered all his gifts into one, and then destroyed them all by one dread decree? Better, oh better far, that she had never been born,—that smiles such as hers had never been, since they

have all passed away,—that mine eyes had never seen her kneeling in prayer,—that—— Oh, thou great, and thou dreadful God! is her voice indeed mute for ever?—Can it be that our Emmeline is dead, and soon, soon to be buried among these hideous tombstones?" He dashed himself down on a cold stone slab, green with the mosses of many years, and writhing like a wounded worm, muttered curses on his existence, supplications for pardon, wailings for the dead, and prayers in behalf of her over whom, although he now knew it not, God had thrown the mantle of a profound sleep, out of which she was to awake in perfect resignation, even with her only child lying a corpse in her bosom!

A shadow moved over the churchyard, there was a sound as of steps, and the miserable man felt himself in the presence of some one whom he could not yet discern. The feeling of that presence disarmed his grief,—something like shame for his weakness blended with the recollection of its rueful cause,—and starting to his feet, by a sudden effort of self-command he prepared himself to be seen and spoken to by one of his fellow Christians. The figure of an old man stood close beside him, and he at once recognised the solemn countenance of him who had been praying to his daughter on her deathbed. It seemed as if tears were in those aged eyes; pity overspread all his features, pity was in his locks white as the snow, pity trembled in his folded hands, and pity bent down that body more even than the weight of three score and ten years. "My son, this is a sacred place, and God, to the prayers of a contrite heart, will send down peace from heaven—even the Holy Ghost,

the Comforter. I bid thee to be of good cheer,—for where can mortal creatures like us so feel the vanity of sorrow as in the field of graves?"

There was a long silence, during which the heavens became more serene, each large lustrous star seeming nearer to the earth, and the solitary churchyard to be received into the very bosom of the sky. The soul of the bereaved father felt its immortality; and the dreadful darkness rolled off from the decrees of Providence. The mystery of the dream of life grew more supportable; and he thought he heard the voice of an angel singing a hymn. Well known and dearly beloved was that voice! For many blessed years it had been heard amidst the shadow and sunshine of this earth; but now it wavered away far off into the blue celestial depths, murmuring a holy, almost a joyful, farewell.

The old man bent over his son and wept. "O father, for by that name from youth upwards have I loved to call thee, join with me in humblest supplication to heaven for pardon of my mad impiety!"

They knelt down together,—he, that gray-headed man, who had long been familiar with sorrow, and well acquainted with grief, and he that had never before bowed down at the bidding of a broken heart. The sighing and the sobbing were now all from the breast of him who had seemed unassailable to earthly troubles. Drenched were his wrinkled cheeks with tears, and he bowed his white hairs down even to the flowers that smiled in the moonlight on a grassy grave.

"O my son! pray thou also for thy poor old father! for know that only a few hours before I left my home to pray by little Emmeline's bed, my own daughter,—the sole daughter of my age,—was called away from me;—my Lucy lies like thy Emmeline—no more—no more than dust!"

O the great goodness, and the exceeding love of the human heart that, all life-long, has been under the inspiration of a heaven-born faith! Utterly desolate was now the house of this aged minister of religion;—no one now to accompany him on his evening walk;—to read the chapter at morning and evening prayer;—to watch the daily change that steals over the face and the frame of him who had nearly reached the hill-foot of his pilgrimage;—and to close his eyes at last, when willingly they shall have become blind to this weary world!

The son now laid himself down at his father's feet, and in tenderest and most reverential embracement, bathed them in contrite tears. It was now his turn to be the comforter; and in that awful trance, his own affliction changed into a sadness near akin to peace. He remembered that God chasteneth those he loves; the image of his wife, so beautiful in her resignation, and at that very hour cheered and strengthened by dreams sent from heaven, was brought suddenly before him; the promises contained in the Book of Life, holier and firmer far than any vows that can ever breathe from the lips of creatures of the clay, became embodied in those scriptural expressions so charged with love divine; and between the place where he and his father now stood, once more tranquil and without a groan, and the

light of all those glorious stars and constellations, appeared for a moment the Shadow of a Cross.

The old man was the first to speak, and after that short fit of passion, his soul had subsided into the habitual and holy calm that broods over the declining years of the pious. Old age, too, by a gracious dispensation of Providence, becomes subdued in all its affections. Intense emotion it can contemplate with quiet sympathy in others; but when standing on the confines of another world, rightly considers all such emotion in its own case vanity of vanities. The past is as a painful or a pleasant dream; the future is felt to be the sole reality. He had parted with his daughter for a little while, and why should that little while be disturbed, blending as it was perceptibly with the dawning of an eternal day? "We shall meet, my son, on the Sabbath day, in the house of God. One funeral sermon will suffice for them both—your Emmeline and my Lucy; —few tears now have I to shed,—you may have many,— let them flow freely at morning and evening sacrifice."

Again and again they embraced one another with mutual benedictions; and then parted, each on the way to his own dwelling; the old man into the gloom of the upper glen, and his son away down the light that bathed the vale widening towards the plain and the sea.

THE FANTOCCINI-BOY IN ROME.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

An orphan boy—alone! alone!
No mother waits for the homeless one!
He passeth on, through the crowded street,
With a lounging look and weary feet,—
As he wandereth over the Alpine wild,—
Ev[illegible]here a hermit-child!
[illegible]o one to hail, and no one to bless,
In [illegible]y, or in wilderness:
'Mid eyes and [illegible]ices, not an eye
To weep for the love of the orphan boy,—
And not a tone that glides apart,
To ring the small bells of his heart.
Where Florence keepeth the gifts of art,
Like dreams of the past in a faded heart;
And Venice her spires, like a vessel her spars,
Lifts from the waters, to look to the stars;—
Where Pisa, now, like her own tall tower,
Leaneth down from her height of power;
And Naples, like a southern bride,
Looks o'er the southern sea,

y!—

oy!

hall,
ed **stall**;
urel **grew**,
eagles **flew**,
fall

a listless **eye**,
pass him **by**,
more **cold**,
the statue **old**,—
d the sculptured **stone**
as any one!
ll men, there,
e an orphan **air**;
is cast
ity past,—

And weareth, under a brow of pride,
A heart of fantasy,—
The city whose thousand pulses play,
Like the dancing waves of her own bright bay,—
Whose spirits, ever on the wing,
Are ready still, like yon idle boy,
To barter life's most precious thing,
For the sake of an aimless toy;—
From town to town—from clime to clime,
He stealeth along with the stealing time,
Pausing nowhere, tarrying none,
But wandering ever, away and on,
With trailing feet, and with elfin locks,
And all his friends in that curtained box;
Halting still where the children are,
And showing its marvels everywhere,—
Till, once again, with his wondrous toy,
He standeth in Rome—a Roman boy!

Rome is the place for the ruined heart,
Where ruin sits in the homes of art;—
And Rome is the place for the weary breast,
Where all things whisper of more than rest;—
Where crowded alley and haunted nook
Have, each and ever, a lonely look,
And sadness broodeth over the whole,—
Oh! Rome is the place for the lonely soul!
The homeless grieveth less in Rome,
Where *no one* seems as he were at home,—

O'er shattered shrines and wasted walls,
Where sunshine saddens as it falls,—
And none of all the roofs and domes,
O'er its solemn surface spread,
Look as they were for abiding-homes,
Save those which hold its dead.
Through noise and glare, that city is
Still like a vast necropolis,
And men, amid its tombs, to-day,
Like pilgrims sitting 'mid ruins gray!—
And yet, the Roman heart and eye
Are as dull to this as yon orphan boy!

He stands by the Cæsars' palace-hall,
That stands by the prelate's mitred stall;
He walks the fields where the laurel grew,
And drinketh the air where the eagles flew,
And seeth the evening shadows fall
Over the Coliseum wall:
And he looketh abroad, with a listless eye,
On the hurrying crowds that pass him by,
And flingeth glances, scarce more cold,
On the broken frieze and the statue old,—
For the crumbling shaft and the sculptured stone
Are as near to his heart as any one!
Oh! seeth he not that *all* men, there,
Beneath their smiles have an orphan air;
That over each and all is cast
A shadow from the mighty past,—

And modern glory looketh wan,
In the lingering gleams of a glory gone?
He heareth not the foot of Time
Climbing the arch *he* loves to climb,—
And dreameth of none of the viewless things
That are flitting about on their spirit-wings!

He playeth his puppets where, of old,
The triumph passed, in its sweep of gold;
And resteth his box on the ruined stone
That kept the tale of some broken throne;
And pulleth his fantoccini strings
Where the wires were worked that played with kings!
And the Roman son—of the Roman sire
Who followed the eagle's glance of fire,
Whose sport was the cohorts' iron play—
Looks idly on at his freaks, to-day;
And takes the laugh from his laughing eye,
And sendeth it back right merrily;—
And stands beneath the self-same sky
That fired the Scipios with its glow,
To watch the trick of a wandering boy,
Who plays a puppet show!

Such, 'mid her ruins old and gray,
Such are the sports of Rome to-day!
Though finer souls may hear a tone
Of spirits speaking from each old stone,

And catch, below each merry cry,
An echo faint like a far-off sigh.
But the antique forum's haunted walls
Ring with the puppets' mimic brawls;
And Punch lifts up his portly bust,
And laughs aloud o'er the Cæsars' dust;
And just such plaudits greet the show
As answered Cicero, long ago!—
Oh! yonder orphan dreameth not,—
With his weary feet and his elfin locks,—
That a moral dwells in his lonely lot,
And a satire haunts his box!

ONE PEEP WAS ENOUGH,

OR, THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

ALL places have their peculiarities:—now that of Dalton was discourse—that species of discourse which Johnson's Dictionary entitles "conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves." Everybody knew what everybody did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, wakings, sleepings, walkings, talkings, sayings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town.

There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame, who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly, for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market-place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or the meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A.'s pair of fowls, and Mrs. B.'s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery

took place—that in the hurry of observing her neighbours' dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion,—the arrival of a stranger, who took up his abode at the White Hart; not that there was anything remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle-aged, respectable-looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched!) failed to discover anything odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the Morning Herald (for the post came in of an evening), and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was most extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There were no chalybeate springs, warranted to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighbourhood, left expressly for antiquarians and picnic parties; no fine prospects, which like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short, there was "no nothing." It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr. Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge; and shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning anything more from himself. Con-

jecture, like Shakspeare, "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new." Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped from a madhouse, a second that he had killed some one in a duel; but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was the twenty-third of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple, the post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to "John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton." Eagerly was it compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith, of dinnerless memory; the fat landlady of the White Hart was on tip-toe to peep, while the postmistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence. The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramped and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent, —she had succeeded in deciphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. "Oh, the monster!" shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and postmistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words:—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner, but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife, the horror is too great." Not a syllable more could they make out; but what they had read was enough. "He told me," gasped the landlady, "that he expected a lady

and gentleman to dinner—oh, the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart; and his wife, too,—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!" Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

"I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing," observed Mrs. Mary Smith.

"I dare say," returned the postmistress, "Williams is not his real name."

"I don't know that," interrupted the landlady; "Williams is a good hanging name: there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who burked all those poor dear children; I dare say he is some relation of theirs; but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him; he sha'n't poison his wife in my house; out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself."

"Lord! Lord! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letters;" and the postmistress thought in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure. Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentlewoman with an annuity and a front and back parlour was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the postmistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

"Murder will out," said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which, like Tom

Tough, had seen a deal of service; and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past "the witching hour of night," deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams; and the result of their deliberation was to fetch the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner-table which was intended to be the scene of his crime. "He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid. There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience," pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it a hack chaise, out of which stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity redoubled—such a pretty young creature, not above nineteen!—"I see how it is," thought she, "the old wretch is jealous." All efforts to catch her eye were in vain; the dinner was ready, and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the window, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but catching her hand, exclaimed, "Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!"—All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching

an arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. "I am happy, madam," said the little bustling magistrate, "to have been under Heaven the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity." Mr. Crampton paused in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas.

"My life!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Yes, madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account." And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected; but when he came to the terrible words—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife"—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentleman, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too.

"I can explain all," at last interrupted the visiter. "Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labours of genius: he is writing a melodrame called 'My Wife'—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather objected to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea-coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses."

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head, and muttered something about theatres being very immoral.

"Quite mistaken, sir," said Mr. Williams. "Our soup

is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the veal cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterwards, I shall be proud to read 'My Wife' aloud, in the hope of your approval, or at least, your indulgence"—and with the same hope, I bid farewell to my readers.

THE STARS.

STARLIGHT MUSINGS.

BY MRS. FLETCHER.

"Ye stars, that are the poetry of heaven."
LORD BYRON.

STARS! since through Eden's cedar boughs
Ye looked with steadfast eyes,
And since from Shinar idol-vows
Arose to ye in sacrifice,—
How much of human love and pining
Hath mingled with your tranquil shining!

Stars! on your canopy of state,
The midnight sky serene,
How oft a passion and a fate
Have mortals in your beauty seen,
From him, the first Chaldean seer,
To her who sitteth gazing here!

Deserts of air between ye strown,—
As by the spirit viewed,
Far off, and many, and alone,
Alone, and yet a multitude,

Shining o'er this world drear and dim,
A band of silent seraphim!

Stars! ever bright and placid stars!
Meek fires! resplendent dew!
How vain the dream that earthly jars
Have heavenly ministers in you!
Yet who hath gazed and long withstood
Such dream of fancied brotherhood!

The dying warrior on the field
His blood hath helped to gild,
Looks upward, ere his breath he yield,
And feels his early hope fulfilled,—
In spirit, mounts the victor's car,
And speaks, in death, of glory's star!

And so the captive in his cell,
And so the mariner,
And shepherd piping in the dell,
And parched and lonely traveller,
Look up to ye, and ye to each
Are soft-eyed sibyls, without speech.

Even they, the tried of many days,
The worn with griefs and fears,
Who little on your beauty gaze,
Dimmed nightly by the mist of tears,
Even they have spiritual dreams—for ye
To them are worlds of memory.

But she, the gazer pictured here,
  Fair as the sky she views,
Time hath not stained her forehead clear,
  Nor from her spirit dashed the dews;
To her the stars are lambent flames,
That grave in gold beloved names.

So let it be; and when the gleam
  Of lovelit fancy fades,
Be hers the truth-ennobled dream
  Time kills not, nor can overshade,—
Be all those stars one simple sign
Of POWER ineffable—divine!

SOLDIERS' WIVES.

BY THE REV. C. R. TAYLOR.

ONE of the sweetest creatures I ever saw was a soldier's wife; indeed, whenever I hear the expression, "a soldier's wife," my imagination raises before me a very lovely vision. Some persons may tell me that the only idea they have of a soldier's wife is a bold, bad wanton, who can drink and swear like a trooper. I do not speak of such wives; for such are a disgrace to their sex and to their husbands. Nor would I say much of those officers' ladies who avail themselves of all the license open to them, who go to the very verge of propriety—in short, as far as a woman can go without positively ruining her character. I do not speak of the bold, the forward, the unfeminine. A soldier's wife, such as she ought to be, is no rare character. She is usually gentle, modest, and feminine among women; just as her husband, if true to his profession and calling, is brave, bold, enterprising, and unboastful among men. How lovely an object is the woman, who, in the midst of the liberty necessarily attaching to her situation as a soldier's wife, creates around her a circle within which purity, and delicacy, and simplest modesty are always found; beyond which she has no wish to venture! There are few men who do not respect a really

modest woman; and it is not the license of opportunities, but the license given in spite of opportunities by a woman herself, that makes a faithless or foolish wife.

"Let her fear loose looks to scatter,
And loose men will fear to flatter."

What makes a soldier's wife so peculiarly interesting is, that she is constantly placed in situations where her feelings are deeply and affectingly tried, and where she sees it is her duty to rise superior to those feelings. She is called upon to suffer many a sad surprise of sorrow: to part at a short notice from the being dearest to her on earth—to fear that their parting may be for ever on this side the grave—to weep over his departure—to think of him, in her unprotected loneliness, as probably exposed to hunger and fatigue, to dangers by sea and by land—perhaps to find his name, in the battle-return of the newspaper, among the dangerously wounded, among the prisoners, among the dead. Are not these trials for the soft heart of a gentle, loving woman? And are they not the common every-day trials of the soldier's wife in time of war? But does she not feel it her duty—and a sacred duty, which she would not, ay, and does not fail to perform—not to unman her beloved husband by yielding to the force of anguish that presses so very heavily upon her heart?—to whisper hopes, instead of fears, at parting—and, if her tears cannot be restrained, to smile through them?—not to be merely resigned, but cheerful—nay, the inspirer of cheerfulness? How finely Byron touches on the subject of the soldier's hour of parting! What force

in that noble line, in the midst of his florid description of the beauty and chivalry of Brussels, all assembled in their gladsome revelry!—when "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again:"—

> "But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell;"

and how soon after we hear of

> —— "Hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
> Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
> And there were sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out young hearts; and choking sighs
> Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
> If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
> Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!"

Reader! if you have made it a practice to pass over poetry, as if you found it in your way—if you have done so now, turn back to read those lines, fancy them a plain prose description, and read them for their truth; their natural but exquisite feeling will steal into your heart.

Many a soldier's gentle wife has proved herself a true heroine, and even fit to take her husband's place on a sudden emergency. The noble Constance de Barri was an instance of such heroism. Her husband, who was governor of a town in Languedoc, during the wars of the League, was treacherously taken prisoner; the party of the enemy that besieged the town, pretending they sought an interview with

him, having seized his person. He contrived, however, to write a few words to his wife, desiring her to defend the town to the last extremity. Without a moment's delay, she obeyed him, and went forth to take his place on the ramparts. Seeing how brave and how resolved she was, and that the garrison still held out under her spirited command, the besiegers thought to subdue her by threatening to put her husband to death unless the gates were thrown open to them. Constance was rich, and she offered to give up all she possessed to ransom her beloved husband; but she knew that he would never submit to buy his life at the price of his fidelity and honour. She therefore refused their terms: they would not agree to hers. They then put the husband to the torture, that they might force him, if possible, to command his wife to open the gates to them. He was enabled to endure their cruelty without submitting to them; and, being at last obliged to give up the siege, they savagely strangled the brave officer in prison. In the midst of her grief, the proposition was made to the incensed widow that she should avenge her husband's death by destroying some gentlemen who were prisoners in the garrison; but Constance was a Christian heroine; she not only forbade their execution, but, wretched and disconsolate as she was, she exerted herself to save their lives and protect them.—Henry the Fourth rewarded this pious and heroic woman by giving to her the government of the town she had so bravely defended, and she held it for twenty-seven years.

In more than one instance a soldier's wife has been among the loveliest creations of the masters of song. The

Andromache and Penelope of Homer, the Imogen and Desdemona of Shakspeare, were soldiers' wives; nay, what was it that won the gentle Desdemona, whom her father so exquisitely describes?—

> "A maiden never bold;
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blushed at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
> Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
> To fall in love with what she feared to look on!"

What was it that won her? What, in fact, but that "what she feared to look on" was a soldier, that he told of "battles, sieges, fortunes, that he had passed"—

> "Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe."

Spenser's fair and holy Una, that "lovely ladie," pure and innocent, was a soldier's bride, and by her husband's absence "left to mourne."

What a fine subject for a picture would be the last parting of the heroic and even stoical Portia (who was also a soldier's wife) from her husband Brutus! I mean at that moment when, having accompanied him to the seashore without betraying any emotion, she burst into tears on seeing a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache. Far too dreadful a situation for a picture was that of the wife of Captain Lietirn, the Prussian officer, when she received her husband's last letter. Frederick II., intending

to make in the night an important movement in his camp, which was in sight of the enemy, gave orders that by eight o'clock all the lights should be put out, on pain of death. The moment the time was past, he walked out himself to see whether all was dark. He found a light in the tent of Captain Lietirn, which he entered just as the officer was folding up a letter. Lietirn knew him, and instantly fell on his knees to entreat his mercy. The king asked to whom he had been writing; he said it was a letter to his wife, which he had retained the candle these few minutes beyond the time in order to finish. The king coolly ordered him to rise, and write one line more, which he should dictate. The line was to inform his wife, without any explanation, that, by such an hour the next day, he should be a dead man. The letter was then sealed and despatched as it had been intended; and the next day the captain was executed.

A touching description is given of a soldier's wife, in an account I remember to have read of the battle of Waterloo. A young Irish officer had married a very young and very lovely Flemish lady. They were residing in cantonments at Rivelles, when he was suddenly and unexpectedly called off to the field of battle. All he could leave with his wife was his servant, one horse, and an ass to carry her baggage. Very soon after his departure, her husband sent her word that a retreat was ordered, and begged her to set off to Brussels with as little delay as possible. The servant, who was a foreigner, deserted his mistress like a villain, and went off with the horse. She did not hesitate to obey

her husband's commands; but, forlorn and unprotected as she was, she set off alone with quiet resolution, on her journey of five-and-twenty miles: she set off on foot, leading the ass laden with her baggage. She passed along through the retreating British army, exposed at times to great danger from the firing of the artillery. When she reached the great road to Brussels, the army were falling into line for the terrible conflict. She had walked on through the dreadful storm which raged on that evening—the evening before the battle—the rain pouring in torrents, and the lightning hurling its forked and deadly fires round her defenceless head. She had come up to the spot where, perhaps, all that would be soon left of her husband would be a cold and disfigured corpse, and he was then perhaps within a few hundred yards of the young and unprotected wife; but she did not attempt to seek him among that immense army of eighty thousand men; nay, she did not wish to unman or distress him by her presence. Quietly and slowly she kept on her toilsome way during the whole of the Saturday night. The road from Waterloo, till within a few miles of Brussels, is through the forest of Soignèe, and hemmed in on both sides by the tall trees. Here the young wife met with many difficulties; the whole road was crowded by wagons and horses, and carriages of various sorts, by wounded soldiers, and by the terrified inhabitants of the country; and still the storm continued with unabated fury. Patiently, and with quiet perseverance, the gentle lady went on, still leading the ass, but now barefoot, and almost wearied out with fatigue and dismay. At length

she entered Brussels on the Sunday morning. She had been mercifully protected by Him who is ever at the side of the destitute and the friendless. She was in safety and unhurt, and even the poor ass and the baggage had arrived uninjured. Her husband, too, was spared to thank God for his wife's safety and his own.

On the night of the splendid illuminations in London after the battle of ——, there sat, in an inner chamber of her house in Upper Grosvenor Street, one whose heart was well-nigh broken by that very victory. The Lady Isabel R—— wished not to intrude her griefs upon the public eye, nor to dim the blaze of that rejoicing night by what might seem a sullen want of sympathy with the public joy: besides, her sorrow was too great, too real, too deep in her heart, to turn one thought upon what merely passed before the eye.

Her servants led her to the quiet chamber which they had prepared for her, where not a gleam of the resplendent light, nor a sound of the glad popular voice, could reach her: but she scarcely noticed or knew of their attention. They might have placed her in the midst of the full glare of the illuminations; she would not have shuddered, or closed her eyes, or asked a question why the world rejoiced. She would have sat, just as she did, bowed beneath the weight of woe which had fallen upon her, calm with hopelessness, like one who had done with the world, and everything on this side the grave. Her husband had fallen in that dreadful battle, and she was yet almost a bride. But

a few weeks before, he had left her, in the pride and vigour of manhood; the tone of his last joyful words was still sounding in her ears, when they told her she was a widow, that he was quite, quite gone, never to return.

The very next evening the same fair and delicate lady was standing on the deck of a small vessel that went dancing over the waves of the broad sea, all her canvass spread to the fresh and favourable wind. The same lady did I say? The very same as to mere personal identity, but oh, how different a being!

She is alone in her feelings now, as she was then; for who could share them with her? But smiles have come back into her beautiful face, except when her trembling hand wipes away tears, the tears of the heart's speechless gratitude, from her cheek, now bright with the eloquent blood.

It was false news they brought; her husband was not dead. He was dangerously wounded, but he might recover —at least he might die in her arms. The decision was formed, and executed at the same time. The Lady Isabel set off within a few hours for Spain. Objections had been made, advice seriously given, all to no purpose: duty and love, strong as death, called her to her husband's side.

The soldier's wife is not only exposed to these great trials of the heart, which must be met by a spirit of high and noble endurance, but she is beset by a thousand little trials to the temper, which are almost as difficult to be borne; because human nature is accustomed to view them as trifles, and yet, when they come, to bear with them most

ungraciously—to despise them in theory, but to feel them poignantly in practice. She is seldom permitted to enjoy with her husband the sweet privacy of domestic habits, and a settled home. She must be always ready to pack up everything, and remove with her children and her servants from one lodging to another. She is always at the mercy of strangers, always amidst a new neighbourhood, never free from interruptions.

SONG.

BY EDWARD VERE.

ONE thought for me, my love,
When the silent midnight hour
Touches all around, above,
With the magic of its power;
When the heart is full and deep
With the tenderest of feelings,
And the silken lid of sleep
Is raised to bright revealings.

If then thou chance to see
Gay visions flit before thee,
Many lovers bend the knee,
And promise to adore thee;
Let a thought of him arise,
Once a captive in thy net,—
But who now may thank the skies,
That he baffled a coquette!

PORTRAIT.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY E. H. S.

GIFT of the absent! whose illusive power
Can cheat Remembrance of her loneliest hour,
Still with sad constancy to thee I turn,
(Like Sorrow ling'ring o'er her loved one's urn,)
In mute abstraction gazing on each grace
That my heart worships in this angel face!
The faultless outline, and the clustered hair,
Shadowing the features eloquently fair;
The deep blue eyes which touchingly express
The hallowed charm of virtuous tenderness,
(Nature's sweet talisman for woe on earth,)
Speak to my soul—the miser of her worth!
Formed by example happily refined,
Mark the fair promise of that youthful mind;
Each virtue home-taught that the vestal knows,
With ease unconscious, that from culture flows;
Gentle, not weak—correct, yet not severe—
The woman's softness wanting but in fear;
Blameless, serene, as in God's courts she stood—
Joy to her heart—the beautiful, the good!

THE CARTEL.

"Gaoler, look to him;—tell not me of mercy."
SHAKSPEARE.

"FLEE, I beseech thee, Isidore! If the peace and comfort—why do I name such words!—if the very existence of thy poor wife be dear to thee—I implore thee flee! By the memory of our young loves, by the happy days that we have known together—by that closer and dearer tie, the sorrows that we have shared—by the precious boy at whose sick couch we watched in vain—by the smiling girl who now lies lapped in the unconscious sleep of infancy—by the dead for whom we mourned—and by that living blessing whom God in his mercy sent to compensate that mighty woe—by a father's hopes and a father's duties, I conjure thee, flee! See, I am tall—the cloak hangs nearly as low over thy ankles as over mine; thou needst but droop a little thy manly form as if in grief—oh! what wife could walk erect from the prison of her husband!—thou hast but to draw the capote over thy brow and to let fall the veil, and hold thy handkerchief to thy eyes—alas! did I ever leave thee other than weeping?—and thou wilt pass undiscovered! Or, suffer me to arrange this hair, and thou mayest defy detection. Dost thou not remember how often in our

wooing days we have passed for brother and sister? How often thou thyself hast vowed, when thy comrades have been vaunting the delicate bloom of their blue-eyed maidens, that thou didst rather prize the swart skin and jetty eye of the rich South than the dainty red and white of their rose-lipped beauties. Alas! it was the love in that eye that won thy heart. And canst thou now resist its appeal, now that love and life hang upon thy consent? Flee, my Isidore! if thy wife, if thy child be dear to thee, wrap thee in this disguise, and flee!"

"And leave thee here to perish?"

"Nay, my husband, nay! not to perish, but to join thee speedily in some distant land, and live a calm and blissful life in safety and in freedom. Wrap thyself in this cloak, and away. Away then, I conjure thee! The patrol will soon go their rounds, and the sentinel who is now on duty will be changed. Nay, I have not taken him into our counsel. Look not reproachfully. But well I know that André Duval will show nought but respect and sympathy when he sees me, or one whom he takes for me, pass in sorrow from the place. Dally no longer. Lisette waits without to conduct thee to her mother's abode, one of the old niches about Notre Dame, where thou mightest be safe for ages. There thou shalt stay until the search be past, and then we will depart for America. Nay, wherefore shake thy head? I shall be safe and free. Be sure of that. The Imperial Josephine, although even she may not venture to intercede for one who has so transgressed the hard iron martial law as to challenge his superior officer,

will yet full surely protect her favoured handmaiden—one whose wedding she was graciously pleased to honour with her presence,—from the effects of her wifely love. Alas, was I not the wretched cause of this calamity? Is it not through thy love for me that thou art in prison? and wilt thou deny me the blessed privilege of setting thee free?"

And no longer able to resist her persuasions, Colonel de Gourbillon did submit to array himself in Adèle's garments, and having safely passed the sentinel on guard, was in a few minutes following the steps of Mademoiselle Lisette from the prison of La Force to the precincts of Notre Dame.

The escape was complete and successful: but an unexpected circumstance rendered poor Adèle's stratagem unavailing, and replaced Isidore once again in his dungeon, and in all the peril attendant upon a breach of military law under the iron rule of Napoleon.

* * * * * *

It was a right queenly chamber was that boudoir, into which the soft air of an April morning stole so wooingly; and yet its pervading beauty spoke rather of elegance than of splendour. The prevailing taste of its fair and gentle mistress was everywhere visible. Flowers, pictured to the life by the deft needle of the embroideress, bordered the pale pink hangings, which shed a tender blush over the apartment; flowers, bright from the loom of Arras, seemed strewn in gay confusion over the rich but delicate carpet; flowers, fresh from the dewy gardens, glowed in the flower-painted jars of Sèvres porcelain, which crowded the marble

tables, whilst plants, the fairest and choicest of the hot-house and conservatory, were grouped in alabaster vases, catching the soft light of the veiled windows.

On a Grecian couch, near a half-curtained recess, sat a gracious and graceful lady, the fitting inmate of this scene of enchantment. Her dress, even to the lilies in her bosom and the Provence rose in her hand, was of pure and spotless white, the most exquisite in texture and most becoming in form. Her shape and features were faultless in contour and expression. If the bloom of youth were faded, it was more than replaced by sweetness and sensibility. At the moment of which we write, that lovely countenance wore the gentlest look of pity as she addressed a sad and weeping lady who had just been admitted to her presence:—

"Ma pauvre Adèle! I had hoped and believed that you were still the joyful occupant of your husband's prison. I never thought to be so sorry to see you at St. Cloud. Colonel de Gourbillon is then retaken?"

"Not retaken, may it please your Majesty: he accomplished his escape in safety, and reached a retreat where he might have remained undiscovered until the day of doom; but the sentinel who watched the door of his cell on the evening of his departure was to be held responsible for his prisoner. Had not Isidore surrendered himself, that poor soldier must have now been the victim; and dearly as I love my husband, or rather, because I do love him dearly, I could not have wished him so saved. He is again in prison, and the sentinel free."

"Was that sentinel an accomplice in the escape?"

"No, on my word of honour, gracious Madam. He was my foster-brother, the son of my good old nurse, and would not, as we well knew, raise the veil, or pull away the handkerchief from, as he supposed, a weeping wife, as a rougher warder might have done; but we took more than common pains to preserve him from all suspicion of our plans, for his sake and our own. Poor André! he at least will escape!"

"And after all, what was the cause of this unhappy challenge?"

"Alas! alas! royal Madam, I was the thrice unhappy and most unconscious cause! Walking on the Boulevard Italien with Madame le Vasseur, General Villaret, heated, as he says, by wine, and mistaking me for my cousin, Pauline de St. Brie (your Imperial Majesty has often noticed our sister-like resemblance), to whom, as it now appears, he has been for some months secretly married, accosted me in a manner which occasioned me the most lively alarm. My husband came up at the moment; the General, certainly not himself, and hardly aware of his mistake, treated the matter with provoking levity. Madame le Vasseur's presence and my tears put, for the time, an effectual check on Isidore. He hurried us home, and then wrote that unhappy letter,—that challenge to a superior officer,—which falling, I hardly know how, into the hands of the minister of war, constitutes the sole and fatal proof of his breach of martial law; for General Villaret, as much distressed as man can be, and full of self-blame and self-accusation, denies all recollection, except of his own mis-

conduct. O! if that fatal letter could be regained or destroyed! or if the real facts of the case could be brought under the notice of him in whose word will lie the final sentence,—the awful doom of life or death!—O! if he could know the provocation, the palliation!—he, that soul of honour, who holds his Imperial Consort's purity as the brightest jewel of his crown! How often have we heard him quote Cæsar's axiom——"

Here a slight movement of caution, and perhaps of uneasiness on the part of Josephine, and a noise like the rustling of papers, suddenly stopped Adèle's pleadings, and directed her attention to the half-curtained recess. It opened on a small turret chamber, fitted up as a private study; and at a writing table, folding a letter, sat a gentleman, plainly dressed in a single-breasted green coat, a white kerseymere waistcoat, and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour at his button-hole. His little cocked hat was on a chair at his side; and although his noble head was bent over the letter which he was folding, Adèle felt, at once, that it was no other than Napoleon. Papers were strewed before him, and amongst these the eyes of the trembling wife rested upon her husband's well-known writing, the challenge upon which his fate and hers depended.

The Emperor paused in his occupation, and applied to his snuff-box for his habitual luxury; his countenance was calm and untroubled, and but for a momentary glance towards the curtained doorway, it might have been doubted if he were conscious that he was not alone.

"Speak!" whispered Josephine encouragingly; "plead your husband's cause!"

Five minutes before Madame de Gourbillon would have given her right hand for such an opportunity. Now it had arrived, and between habitual awe of her great master, and the tremendous interest which she had at stake, she knelt before him weak and wordless as a child.

"Pardon, Sire! pardon!" Her voice died away, and had not a passion of tears come to relieve her, she would have fainted.

Napoleon made no answer. He was about to seal the letter which he had folded, and selecting a paper from the table, he first used it to light the wax taper which stood in a richly chased golden candlestick by his side, and then flung it into the brasier, tapping his snuff-box as he watched the burning fragments, and glancing upon the happy wife and her sympathizing mistress, with a smile exquisite in its sweetness and beauty. Perhaps, at that moment, his sensations were the most enviable of the three.

Need I say that the paper which he had destroyed was the only proof of Isidore's guilt—the all-important cartel?

S.AR.T.A.I.N

THE CANADIAN NUN.

"You'll not have my niece, Chillers, though, I promise you that, without the dollars."

"Pray, may I have the girl if I get the dollars?" So spoke a rich Canadian concerning the disposal of his ward, and thus answered a well-built lively native of Charleston.

"Why, as to that, Mr. Chillers," replied the uncle, "I think I may safely say yes," and he smiled very complacently; "but besides, I have some notion that Louisa will take the veil."

"Take the veil! that is what she never shall," said the American briskly: "I'll go and talk to her."

"Well—well—young man," resumed Mr. Pipon, "but where are the dollars to come from? why you're not worth a quarter-dollar at this moment."

"Softly, softly," returned the South Carolinian; "don't think so hard of me. I can soon work it out."

"Work it out!" said the Canadian; "why you know that there is scarcely a planter in your country who doesn't borrow upon the faith of the forthcoming crops; why you

are smoking cigars, and drinking sangaree all day long under your piazzas instead of minding your business: work it out indeed!"

"I wonder when you will have done with your objectings," replied the American coolly; "for my own part, I shall set off directly to New York, and then take the Calypso on to Charleston."

"The Calypso?"

"Yes—surely you know—not hear of the Calypso!" resumed the American.

"Why you'll be lost in the water-courses, Mr. Chillers," continued the inflexible merchant.

"The water-courses!" exclaimed the youth of Carolina; "didn't I tell you I was going to sea? and besides, they are bridged over."

"Well, good bye, friend," said the Canadian, stretching out his hand; "I hope that you'll look spry when you come back this way."

"Good bye, Mr. Pipon," returned the American. "Listen a moment though; I shall be back with ten thousand dollars. Now I'm off for Charleston; if I don't suit myself there, you may hear of me in Georgia. If that won't do, I'll move along westward, for I detest Florida; and rather than not have your niece, Mr. Pipon, I'll start up the Mississippi in a steamboat, and then I don't much care. The land is noble, and the crops plentiful, old gentleman, and anybody may have the territory. So now I shall go and talk to Louisa about the veil."

"And I must go after you," cried the Canadian, hastening as well as he was able in the rear of the nimble and care-despising Yankee.

Nearly three years had passed away after this conversation, when it was currently rumoured in the circles of Quebec that an interesting and lovely young woman was on the point of sacrificing the world, and retiring, her noviciate being completed, to the neighbouring convent. There was an unusual bustle amongst the gossips upon this important occasion, and it was not long before the niece of our Canadian, Mr. Pipon, was singled out by universal assent as the intended victim to Roman superstition. And not only was this approaching solemnity discussed in the ball-room and at the feast; the whole city also rang with expressions of curiosity and commiseration. For it most rarely happens in Canada, that a young woman takes the popish vow, unless her charms have lost their day, and the tide of fortune has left her without a cheering helpmate. Such things will sometimes happen through resentment or caprice, but they are most unaccustomed sights. No wonder then that the tale should go forth; that the *habitant*, with his cherished spouse and chubby children, should be startled at the news; that he should snatch his everlasting pipe from his mouth, draw down his *bonnet rouge*, and lengthen still more his lean and meagre visage. The very cariole drivers, wont to speed their calashes to many joyous marriages, espoused the cause with zeal, and coveted in their hearts to overturn the churl of an uncle; for Mr. Pipon had, naturally enough, incurred the general blame.

And now the fatal morning had arrived, when the white veil, the emblem of probation, was to be exchanged for the darker head-dress, which shuts out the victim from human smiles and joys for ever. The imposing preparations went forward with freezing accuracy. The superior of the convent began the procession, the nuns succeeded according to their order, next came a lady clad in the white garb of the noviciate. All eyes were fixed upon her, accents of pity burst forth on all sides, and many tears flowed freely for one so young, and yet so early doomed to solitude. The crowd would have gladly stayed the group, but this was not the march of a criminal to the place of execution, for whom delay might gain a chance reprieve; the case was without hope: the cortège moved on. The bishop was in attendance at the chapel, robed in his lordly garments, and prepared to begin the rites. Beneath, on the sacred floor, were newly gathered flowers and evergreens, strewed by the novices, and in front was the altar, where Louisa, according to the law of priestcraft, was to be wedded to her Saviour. There was a dead pause. The bishop drew aside the uncle of the devoted, as if to ascertain more particularly the certainty of her consent. The conference was prolonged, and many were the neighbouring spectators who indulged a distant hope from this delay. "But are you quite sure, quite satisfied?" The prelate was heard to ask this pointed question at the hands of the wealthy Canadian.

"Much more of late, my lord," said the merchant.

"And her property?" continued the bishop.

"Her little means?"

"Her rather ample means, Mr. Pipon," returned the prelate, with a searching smile, "will be——"

"Mine, of course," replied the uncle, with a faltering accent; "but what then? the will is free."

The bishop bowed, but again resumed the inquiry, "She has a dear friend, sir,—at least so the report is?"

"She had, my lord," replied the Canadian, "but all worldly affections are now sacrificed to the cause of God."

"There is no doubt, then," observed the bishop; "but these things are not usual with us." And the kind-hearted man bent a scrutinizing eye upon his companion, as he slowly uttered these last words.

"Think of her noviciate, my lord," returned the merchant.

The bishop retired with dignity, and took his station at the altar. It was evident that no change had taken place. The charge was now delivered to the future nun; and she, in her turn, repeated her profession; but, at this moment, Mr. Pipon was so much staggered, that it was generally thought he had relented at the last moment. The organ, however, struck up, and the dress of the order was calmly placed upon the table by the prelate, who advanced to take off the sign of the noviciate, and replace it with the black veil. The white cloak, the belt, the beads, the brush steeped in the holy water, lay ready to his hand. The high mass, with the consecrated wafer, the tinkling of the bells, the incense and sacrifice, tarried only for the investiture of the destined nun. The bishop slowly withdrew the

white covering from the brow of the maiden; and was raising the deeper shroud with sober ceremony, when the uncle uttered a cry, and seized the altar for support.

"'Tis not my niece!" he exclaimed with agitation. He was borne out of the chapel.

"Sister Cicely," said the prelate, turning to the supposed Louisa, with a serious and fearful gaze, "what means this?"

"I personated the poor novice upon this occasion," said the nun thus appealed to, "out of compassion for her sorrow. I am willing to submit to the penance of holy mother church." She raised her eyes to heaven, and an air of resignation sat on her roseless cheek.

"We shall see to that hereafter," said the bishop—"but where is the novice?"

"She has fled, fled to the woods," said the nun, a slight flush, as it were of triumph, overspreading her features.

There needed no more. The ecclesiastical dignitaries instantly retired; the procession moved hastily and in disorder towards the convent; the people burst forth in tumultuous acclamations, and blessed the sinning daughter who had risked so much; the city was in motion, though there were some who whispered that the track of the pathless wild would be more fatal than the sealing pageant of the Roman faith. We need hardly say, that the uncle had no sooner heard the news, than he ordered a vigilant and unceasing search. The heart of the merchant, indeed, had smitten him, and he vowed, whilst the multitude without were execrating his name, that if his niece should be

again restored to him, herself and her affections should thenceforth be free. Torn by doubt, dismay, and remorse, he sought the secrecy of his chamber, whilst the eager Frenchman, the patient Briton, and eagle-eyed Indian set forth with one common zeal to redeem the truant.

Louisa, shuddering at the near prospect of utter seclusion, had, indeed, closed with the offer of her friend, the sister Cicely; and when the representative of the pontiff was lifting the holy vestments, she was gathering the spontaneous fruit which lay beneath her feet, and though pinched by want, was still joying in her liberty. She had fled in the direction of Les Trois Rivières, and although a friendly shelter was afforded her on the first night of her travel, the curiosity with which she was regarded alarmed and agitated her. The next was a bright and cheery morning, and Louisa, refreshed by the kindness of her hostess, strayed unconsciously into the lofty forest which towered behind the house. The spark of freedom still glowed within her breast, and she rambled on amidst the dusky shades, thoughtful only of this,—that she had escaped the withering grasp of the priesthood. But the most buoyant hours fleet along too swiftly, and the most exalting passion which can glow within the human bosom soon wanes, and yields to sadder destinies. Hunger reminded the wandering maid that it was time to seek again the dwelling-place of man; but though the wild strawberry might decoy the careless foot within the groves, the pine, the oak, the chestnut, entwine there those giant arms which cloud the beams of day, and mock the sight which strives to peer beyond their

fastnesses. It grew very dull for poor Louisa. In that dark wilderness no sweet notes of woodland birds sound from above, no cheerful robin sings the parting lay of evening, nor sprightly linnet "pours his throat." Redbreasts, indeed, there are, and thrushes, and wrens, and linnets too, but their music is mournful, and their "cadence sorrow." Night at length came on, and it was vain to hope for deliverance from the mazes of the forest. The brightest morn would have shown no path which the traveller could have trod with hope; no, not the rich Canopus, whose flashing light steals along the southern sphere. A bed of leaves in a deserted hut was Louisa's portion, and the scattered fruits her sustenance; but even yet her soul, chastened by the austerities of the Carmelites, yielded not to the terrors of her condition. Had she known on this night that the skilful pioneers of the woods, who had been sent in quest of her, had returned in despair (for her journey had been far and rapid), her spirit might indeed have cherished the bitterness which is without hope. The morning came, and the sun once more mounted on high and topped the loftiest pines; and then again, as time rolled on, his brilliant orb declined; and the girl yet lived, unharmed indeed by bear or wolf, yet patiently abiding the death her reason told her must soon wind up the scene. But we must turn from the dismal spot.

It chanced about this time that a tribe of American Indians had set up their wigwams in the outskirts of these gloomy wastes. A large party had assembled, towards evening, and the fires were blazing in every tent. Here

was a group devouring their salt fish, and there one might see numerous squaws, with their children, eating bullock's head soup, a dainty dish they had derived from the dirty shop of some house in the neighbouring city of Quebec. When all had been filled, the calibash sounded and the dance began, by the light of the birch bark. It was the dance of peace; as such, distinguished from the war step, the grim forerunner of the whoop, the tomahawk, and the scalp. Slowly burnt the torches as the musician hummed his tune and shook his calibash, and the crowded dance went on, with varied tread and gesture; but not so sparingly did the rich rum flow, the special present of the chief. From his vast kettle he replenished each glass, gave it round to the men in the ring as they sprang nimbly by, and to each pretty squaw who chose to taste the nectar. On went the dance without a check, and the wary chief stored the remnant of the liquor in his tent. And now the play had been going on for some hours, and the loud yell of pleasure had gone forth without ceasing, and the swarthy limbs of the Indians began to totter beneath the steeping juices they had swallowed, when a lightsome youth, armed with a rifle, came bounding in amongst the multitude. His frank countenance bespoke his welcome; he leaned his gun against a tree, and, before he could speak his wishes, the hospitable chief had grasped his hand.

"Pretty considerable of room," exclaimed the American, (for a sallow visage, tanned by the climate, pepper, and burnt brandy, proclaimed him such.) "I've lost my way coming from Charleston—must be near Quebec. I went by

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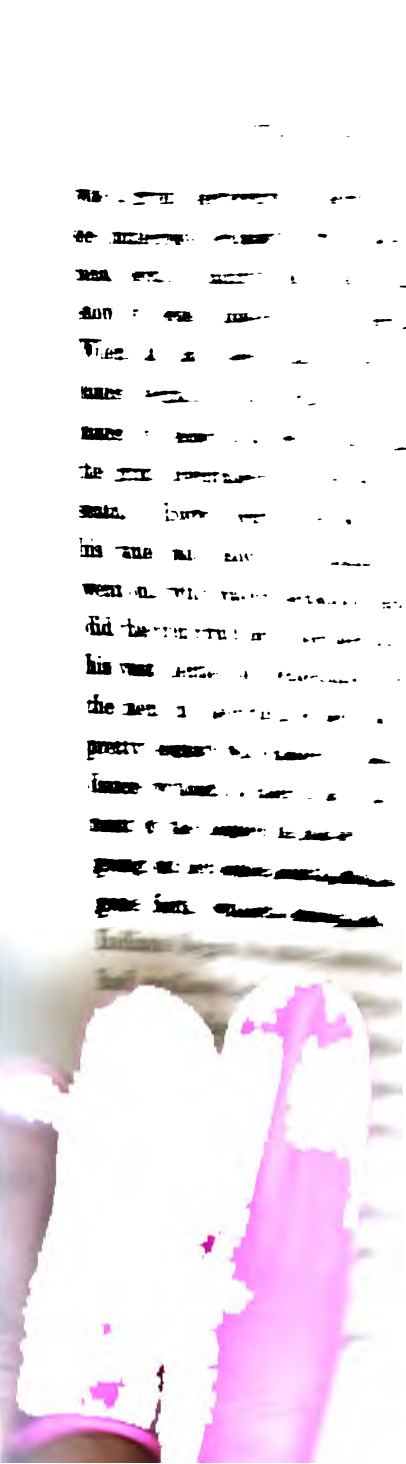

sea, and have come back by land." The chief contrived an interpreter, and assured him of his welcome, and of his near neighbourhood to Quebec.

"I loved a girl at that place some years ago, and here I am to claim her," said the traveller, whom sundry glasses of rum had roused beyond the usual flow of American talk. The chief began to rally his guest upon his wealth.

"Scarce a quarter-dollar in my pocket; that's what I can promise you," said the American. The Indian was curious to know how his intended uncle would receive him at Quebec, and the reader needs hardly be informed that the visiter of the encampment was no other than Chillers.

"That is what I cannot tell," replied the guest, whose coolness attracted the especial wonder of the chief.

"But what have we here?" cried Chillers; "a woman, all in white too!"

A girl, apparently worn by fatigue, now staggered towards the spot where the chief and the South Carolinian sat, and instantly sank upon the ground.

"It is not, it cannot be Louisa!" exclaimed the youth, gazing on the pale features before him,—"it must be." He knelt by the side of the stranger, whilst the cordial efforts of the friendly tribe were united to revive her.

"That voice calls me back to life," she said at length, as the American was pouring forth his vows that she might yet be spared.

"Then it is the same whom my soul has loved!" and the man of Charleston leaped up with frantic ecstasy.

"But how came she in this place, and in this condition?"

He almost instinctively looked towards his rifle as he spoke, and, for a moment, suspicions of the Indians crossed his mind. But Louisa Pipon soon gained strength enough to tell her simple tale, and to explain how the shoutings of the dance had reached her in her desolate home, how her heart throbbed between hope and fear, how she at length went desperately forth, to trust the strangers or to perish.

And what were not the feelings of the Canadian when he saw his niece again, and in safety! What could he have set in array against the pleasures of that moment! He would scarcely hear the self-accusing story of the American, how, at first, Chillers had put up with a bad "location" in South Carolina; how he had got a better "pitch" afterwards, and at last determined to go in search of his bride, without the certainty of a hundred dollars. It did not signify to Mr. Pipon; he had learnt a serious lesson; his heart and purse opened lavishly at once—there was enough for all. He gave the young couple his blessing, promised to surrender his niece's fortune, and never repented when his transports had passed away.

The bishop married them (the same prelate who was to have fulfilled the ceremony of seclusion); and whatever his ideas of monastic virtue might have been, a satisfaction beyond all guile gleamed on his countenance at these nuptials, which shed honour on the man, because it was true to nature.

SONNET.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Oh! for the time—the happy sinless time—
When first we murmured forth our infant prayer,
Listened with reverence to the church bell's chime,
Gazed on the sky, and deemed that God dwelt *there!*
That time is past: burdened with sin and care,
No more we hear those holy deep-toned bells;
But as their echo trembles on the air,
So in our sorrowing minds Remembrance dwells,
Rising reproachful from the deepest cells,
Breathing of those fine days ere passion's sigh,
Remorse and sorrow (sad the tale she tells),
Polluted the petition sent on high;—
When we knelt sinless, and our God alone
Was in the prayer that rose to his Almighty throne.

EXCLAMATION.

RESIGNATION.

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

In gazing at this beautiful creation of Chantrey—a marble embodiment of a poetic dream, a personification of the high and holy spirit of religious resignation—it is scarcely possible for the enthusiast or the poet to refrain from completing the task by him commenced—from breathing into the stony figure the breath of ideal life, surrounding it with circumstance and action, and warming it into a thinking, feeling, suffering agent in the great world of fiction.

Fiction! Why is this term so strangely misapplied to that species of artistic composition, which, seizing upon the stronger or the more beautiful characteristics of human nature, and rejecting the mass of commonplace accident and conduct without motive, presents us with gems unclouded by the dust of the mine,—portraits, not the less true and real that the features have been gathered from many models, and gracefully combined into one life-like and symmetrical image? As ancient sculpture selected from assembled Greece the details of perfect beauty in a Venus, or the acme of horrible passions in a Gorgon, so a legitimate

fiction culls from the realities of modern society the quintessence of morals, and acts the part of a most truthful missionary, whether the purpose of its lesson be to lead the gentle in the ways of virtue, or to fright the daring from the path of vice.

But the artist, in this exquisite statue, has stamped the moral of his labours on the inanimate stone in characters so plain and so complete that fiction itself can add nothing to its teachings. What matters it what trials may have prompted the appeal that speaks in the closed hands and upward glance? The couch and the attire distinctly show that poverty is not among the evils that have chastened the soul of that lovely being into fitness for the fellowship of angels; but even in the sphere which the world deems most prosperous there are woes "that wring the blood from out young hearts," and all must suffer them. She may have watched by the bedside of a dying mother—she may have followed to the grave the partner of her bosom—she may have shuddered at the dull sound of the falling earth upon the coffin of her only child, and nourished with her tears the spring-flowers that bloom above it;—be the woe what it may, she has found the only solace of all human ills; she has found that the only road to real happiness is paved with the fragments of crushed hopes and overshadowed by sorrow; for, whom has the sunshine of prosperity induced to look from the glowing present to the promised future. Small is the difference between the greatest and least ills of our existence, when the purged spirit feels that death itself brings but a transient parting—when it can whisper to

itself, "'tis but a little while," and, with closed hands and eyes upturned to heaven, we murmur, in the full, calm happiness of resignation, "Father, thy will be done!"

If, by imposing, but mistaken arguments, some worthy moralist oppose the cultivation of the Fine Arts, and endeavour to destroy that which the truly wise seek only to reform, we ask, in all sincerity, what matters it, provided this great lesson be but rightly taught, whether the agent be the priest, the sculptor, painter, novelist, or poet.

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

It was on a rainy day, late in last November, that Mrs. Villars came to take possession of her new residence, called the Lodge,—a pretty house, situated within the boundaries of Oakhampstead Park, the pleasant demesne of her brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Villars, and generally appropriated to the use of some dowager of that ancient and wealthy race.

Mrs. Villars was an elderly lady, of moderate fortune and excellent character. She was the widow of a dignified and richly-beneficed clergyman, who had been dead some years, and had left her with three promising sons and two pretty daughters, all of whom were now making their way in the world to her perfect satisfaction;—the daughters happily and respectably married; the sons thriving in different professions; and all of them as widely scattered as the limits of our little island could well permit,—so that their mother, disencumbered of the cares of her offspring, had nothing now to prevent her accepting Sir Arthur's kind offer, of leaving the great town in which she had hitherto resided, and coming to occupy the family-jointure house at

Oakhampstead. To inhabit a mansion in which so many stately matrons of the house of Villars had lived and died, was a point of dignity no less than of economy; and beside, there was no resisting so excellent an opportunity of gratifying, amidst the good archdeacon's native shades, the taste for retirement and solitude, of which she had all her life been accustomed to talk. Talk, indeed, she did so very much of this taste, that shrewd observers somewhat questioned its existence, and were not a little astonished when, after dallying away the summer over take-leave visits, she and her whole establishment (two maids, a pony-chaise, a tabby-cat, and her scrub Joseph) left C., with its society and amusements, its morning calls and evening parties, for solitude and the Lodge.

Never was place or season better calculated to bring a lover of retirement to the test. Oakhampstead was situated in the most beautiful and least inhabited part of a thinly inhabited and beautiful county; the roads were execrable; the nearest post-town was seven miles off; the vicar was a bachelor of eighty; and the great house was shut up. There was not even one neighbour of decent station, to whom she might complain of the want of a neighbourhood. Poor Mrs. Villars! The last stroke, too,—the desertion of the Park,—was an unexpected calamity; for although she knew that Sir Arthur had never resided there since the death of a most beloved daughter, after which event it had been entirely abandoned, except for a few weeks in the autumn, when his only son, Harry Villars, had been accustomed to visit it for the purpose of shooting, yet she had

understood that this her favourite nephew was on the point of marriage with the beautiful heiress of General Egerton, and that this fine old seat was to form the future residence of the young couple. Something, she learned, had now occurred to prevent a union which, a few months ago, had seemed so desirable to all parties—some dispute between the fathers, originally trifling, but worked up into bitterness by the influence of temper;—and all preparations were stopped, Harry Villars gone abroad, and the great house as much shut up as ever. Poor Mrs. Villars, who, after all her praises of retirement, and her declared love of solitude, could not, with any consistency, run away from this "Deserted Village," was really as deserving of pity as any one guilty of harmless affectation well can be.

The good lady, however, was not wanting to herself in this emergency. She took cold, that she might summon an apothecary from the next town; and she caused her pigs to commit a trespass on the garden of a litigious farmer, that she might have an excuse for consulting the nearest attorney. Both resources failed. The medical man was one of eminent skill and high practice, whom nothing but real illness could allure into constant attendance; and the lawyer was honest, and settled the affair of the pigs at a single visit. All that either could do for her, was to enumerate two or three empty houses that might possibly be filled, and two or three people who would probably call when the roads became passable. So that poor Mrs. Villars, after vainly trying to fill up her vacant hours—alas! all her hours!—by superintending her own poultry-yard, overlook-

ing the village school, giving away flannel petticoats, and relieving half the old women in the parish, had very nearly made up her mind to find the Lodge disagree with her, and to return to her old quarters at C——, when the arrival of a fresh inmate at the next farm-house gave an unexpected interest to her own situation.

Oakhampstead was, as I have said, a very beautiful spot. Its chief beauty consisted in a small lake or mere without the park, surrounded partly by pastoral meadow grounds, and partly by very wild and romantic woodland scenery, amongst which grew some of the noblest oaks in the kingdom. The water did not, perhaps, cover more than thirty acres; although a length disproportioned to its breadth, a bend in the middle, and, above all, the infinite variety of its shores, indented with tiny bays and jutting out into mimic promontories, gave it an appearance of much greater extent. Rides and walks had formerly been cut around it; but these were now rude and overgrown, the rustic seats decayed and fallen, and the summer-houses covered with ivy and creeping plants. Since the absence of Sir Arthur, neglect had succeeded to care; but a poet or a painter would have felt that the scene had gained in picturesqueness what it had lost in ornament. A green boat, however, and a thatched boat-house still remained in excellent preservation, under the shadow of some magnificent elms; and the chimney of the boatman's cottage might just be seen peeping between the trees, over the high embankment which formed the head of the lake. The only other habitation visible from the water was an old farm-house, the abode of Farmer Ashton,

whose wife, formerly the personal attendant of the late Lady Villars, had soon been found by her surviving relative to be by far the most conversable person in the place; and if the many demands on her attention, the care of men, maids, cows, calves, pigs, turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, and children, would have allowed her to devote much time to that unfortunate lady, her society would doubtless have proved a great solace and resource. But Mrs. Ashton, with all her desire to oblige Mrs. Villars, was enviably busy, and could only at short and distant intervals listen to, and, by listening, relieve the intolerable ennui of her seclusion.

Now, however, a fresh inmate had made her appearance at the farm: a young woman, whom Mrs. Ashton called Ellen, and introduced as her niece; who having much leisure (for apparently she did nothing in the family but assist in the lighter needle-work), and evincing, as far as great modesty and diffidence would permit, her respectful sympathy with the involuntary recluse, became her favourite auditress during her frequent visits to Farmer Ashton's; and was soon sent for as a visiter (an humble visiter, for neither Mrs. Villars nor her young guest ever forgot the difference of their stations) at the Lodge. Seldom a day passed without Joseph and the pony-chaise being sent to fetch Ellen from the farm. Nothing went well without her.

Partly, of course, the charm might be resolvable into the bare fact of getting a listener; any good listener would have been a welcome acquisition in this emergency; that is to say, any one who felt and showed a genuine sympathy

with the "fair afflicted;" but few could have been so thoroughly welcome as Ellen, who soon became, on the score of her own merits, a first-rate favourite with Mrs. Villars.

Whether Ellen was pretty or not, was a standing question in the village of Oakhampstead. Her zealous patroness answered without the slightest hesitation in the affirmative. Other people doubted. For the common sort, her face and figure wanted showiness; whilst the young farmers and persons of that class complained that she was not, according to their notions, sufficiently genteel: Mrs. Villars's man-of-all-work, Joseph, combined both objections, by declaring that Ellen would be well enough if she were smarter. My readers must judge for themselves, as well at least as a pen-and-ink drawing will enable them.

Her figure was round and short, and piquante and youthful. Her face was round also, with delicate features and a most delicate complexion, as white and smooth as ivory, and just coloured enough for health. She had finely-cut gray eyes, with dark eyebrows and eyelashes, a profusion of dark hair, and a countenance so beaming with gaiety and sweetness, that the expression was always like that of other faces when they smile. Then her voice and accent were enchanting. She sang little snatches of old airs in gushes like a nightingale—freely—spontaneously, as if she could no more help singing as she went about, than that "angel of the air;" and her spoken words were as musical and graceful as her songs; what she said being always

sweet, gentle, and intelligent; sometimes very lively, and sometimes a little sad.

Her dress was neat and quiet,—plain, dark gowns, fitting with great exactness, such as were equally becoming to her station and her figure; delicately-white caps and habit-shirts, and the simplest of all simple straw bonnets. The only touch of finery about her was in her chaussure; the silk stockings and kid slippers in which her beautiful little feet were always clad, and in her scrupulously clean and new-looking French gloves, of the prettiest pale colours;—a piece of Quaker-like and elegant extravagance, which, as well as the purity of her accent and diction, somewhat astonished Mrs. Villars, until she found from Mrs. Ashton, that Ellen also had been a lady's maid, admitted early into the family, and treated almost as a companion by her young mistress.

"Where had she lived?" was the next question.

"In General Egerton's family," was the reply; and a new source of interest and curiosity was opened to the good lady, who had never seen her niece, that was to have been, and was delighted with the opportunity of making a variety of inquiries respecting herself and her connexions. Ellen's answers to these questions were given with great brevity and some reluctance; she looked down and blushed, and fidgeted with a sprig of myrtle that she held in her hand, in a manner widely different from her usual lady-like composure.

"Was Miss Egerton so very handsome?"

"Oh, no!"

"So very accomplished?"

"No."

"Did Harry love her very much?"

"Yes."

"Did she love him?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Was she worthy of him?"

"No."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Villars, "I thought she was too fine a lady; too full of airs and graces! I had my doubts of her ever since a note that she sent me, written on blue embossed paper, and smelling most atrociously of otto of roses. I dare say Harry has had a narrow escape. Sir Arthur, even before the quarrel, said she was quite a *petite maîtresse*. Then you think, Ellen, that my nephew is better without her?"

This query caused a good deal of blushing hesitation, and nearly demolished the sprig of myrtle. On its being repeated, she said, "She did not know! She could not tell! She did not wish to speak ill of Miss Egerton; but few ladies appeared to her worthy of Mr. Villars—he was so amiable."

"Was Miss Egerton kind to her?"

"Pretty well," answered Ellen quietly.

"And the General?"

"Oh, very! very!" rejoined Ellen sighing deeply.

"Why did she leave the family?"

At this question poor Ellen burst into tears, and the conversation ended. Mrs. Villars, unwilling to distress her

favourite, did not resume it. She was already prepossessed against the Egertons by the disappointment and vexation which they had occasioned to her nephew, and had little doubt but that either the General or his daughter had behaved unjustly or unkindly to Ellen.

Winter had now worn away; even those remains of winter which linger so long amidst the buds and blossoms of spring; spring itself had passed into summer; the country was every day assuming fresh charms, the roads were becoming passable, and distant neighbours were beginning to discover and to value the lady of the Lodge, who became every day more reconciled to her residence, varied as it now was by occasional visits to the county families, and frequent excursions with Ellen upon the lake.

On these occasions they were constantly attended by the boatman, a handy, good-humoured, shock-pated fellow, of extraordinary ugliness, commonly called Bob Green, but also known by the name of "Hopping Bob;" not on account of his proficiency in that one-legged accomplishment, as the cognomen would seem to imply, but because an incurable lameness in the hip had produced a jerking sort of motion in walking, much resembling that mode of progress; and had also given a peculiar one-sided look to his short, muscular figure. The hop, it must be confessed, stood much in his way on land, although he was excellent in the management of a boat; in rowing, or steering, or fishing, or anything that had relation to the water.

A clever fellow was Bob, in his way, and a civil, and paid much attention to his lady and her young companion;

and, as the summer advanced, they passed more and more time on the beautiful lake, of which they continued the sole visiters; the great house being still deserted, and little heard either of Sir Arthur or his son.

One afternoon, Mrs. Villars, returning unexpectedly from a distant visit, drove down to the farm, intending to spend the evening with Ellen in the pleasure-boat. It was a bright sunny day, towards the middle of July. The blue sky, dappled with fleecy clouds, was reflected on the calm clear water, and mingled with the shadows of the trees upon the banks, to which the sun, shining through the tall oaks, gave occasionally a transparent glitter, as of emeralds or beryls; swallows skimmed over the lake, flitting around and about, after the myriads of insects that buzzed in the summer air; the white water-lily lay in its pure beauty in the midst of its deep green leaves; the foxglove and the wild vetch were glowing in the woods; the meadow-sweet, the willow herb, and the golden flag, fringed the banks; cows stood cooling their limbs in the shallow indented bays, and a flock of sheep was lying at rest in the distant meadows.

Altogether it was a scene of sweet and soothing beauty; and Mrs. Villars was looking for Ellen, to partake in her enjoyment (for Ellen, Mrs. Ashton had told her, was gone down to the mere), when, in a small cove at the other side of the lake, she beheld in a fine effect of sunny light, the boat, their own identical green boat, resting quietly on the water, with two persons sitting in it, seemingly in earnest conversation. One of the figures was most undoubtedly

Ellen. Her astonished friend recognised at a glance her lead-coloured gown, her straw bonnet, and that peculiar air and attitude which gave grace and beauty to her simple dress. The other was a man, tall as it seemed, and elegant —most certainly a gentleman. Mrs. Villars even fancied that the height and bearing had a strong resemblance to her own dear nephew, Harry; and immediately a painful suspicion of the possible cause of Ellen's leaving Miss Egerton forced itself upon her mind. Harry had perhaps found the lady's maid no less charming than her mistress. A thousand trifling circumstances in favour of this opinion rushed on her recollection: Ellen's blushes when Harry was accidentally named; her constant avoidance of all mention of the family in which she had resided; the great inequality of her spirits; her shrinking from the very sight of chance visiters; the emotion, amounting to pain, which any remarkable instance of kindness or confidence never failed to occasion her; and, above all, the many times in which, after seeming on the point of making some avowal to her kind patroness, she had drawn suddenly back: all these corroborating circumstances pressed at once, with startling distinctness, on Mrs. Villars's memory; and, full of care, she returned to the farm, to cross-question Mrs. Ashton.

Never was examination more thoroughly unsatisfactory. Mrs. Ashton was that provoking and refractory thing, a reluctant witness. First, she disputed the facts of the case: "Had Mrs. Villars seen the boat? Was she sure that she had seen it? Was it actually their own green boat? Did it really contain two persons? And was the female cer-

tainly Ellen ?" All these questions being answered in the affirmative, Mrs. Ashton shifted her ground, and asserted, that if "the female in question were certainly Ellen, her companion must with equal certainty have been the boatman, Bob Green, 'Hopping Bob,' as he was called;" and the farmer coming in at the moment, she called on him to support her assertion, which, without hearing a word of the story, he did most positively, as an obedient husband should do—"Yes, for certain, it must be Hopping Bob! It could be no other!"

"Hopping Bob!" ejaculated Mrs. Villars, whose patience was by this time well-nigh exhausted: "Hopping Bob! when I have told you that the person in the boat was a young man, a tall man, a slim man, a gentleman! Hopping Bob, indeed!" and before the words were fairly uttered, in hopped Bob himself.

To Mrs. Villars, this apparition gave unqualified satisfaction, by affording, as she declared, the most triumphant evidence of an *alibi* ever produced in or out of a court of justice. Her opponent, however, was by no means disposed to yield the point. She had perfect confidence in Bob's quickness of apprehension, and no very strong fear of his abstract love of truth, and determined to try the effect of a leading question. She immediately, therefore, asked him, with much significance of manner, "whether he had not just landed from the lake, and reached the farm by the short cut across the coppice?" adding, "that her niece had probably walked towards the boat-house to meet Mrs. Villars, and that Bob had better go and fetch her."

This question, however, produced no other answer than a long shrill whistle from the sagacious boatman. Whether Mrs. Ashton overrated his ability, or underrated his veracity, or whether his shrewdness foresaw that detection was inevitable, and that it would "hurt his conscience to be found out," whichever were the state of the case, he positively declined giving any evidence on the question; and after standing for a few moments eyeing his hostess with a look of peculiar knowingness, vented another long whistle, and hopped off again!

Mrs. Villars, all her fears confirmed, much disgusted with the farmer, and still more so with the farmer's wife, was also departing, when just as she reached the porch, she saw two persons advancing from the lake to the house—her nephew, Harry Villars, and Ellen leaning on his arm!

With a countenance full of grieved displeasure, she walked slowly towards them. Harry sprang forward to meet her: "Hear me but for one moment, my dearest aunt! Listen but to four words, and then say what you will. This is my wife."

"Your wife! why, I thought you loved Miss Egerton?"

"Well, and this *is*, or rather happily for me, this *was* Miss Egerton;" replied Harry, smiling.

"Miss Egerton!" exclaimed the amazed and half incredulous Mrs. Villars, "Miss Egerton! Ellen, that was not smart enough for Joseph—the fine lady that sent me the rose-scented note!—Ellen, at the farm, the great heiress! —my own good little Ellen!"

"Ay, my dear aunt,—your own Ellen, and my own Ellen,

—blessings on that word! When we were parted on a foolish political quarrel between our fathers, she was sent, under the care of her cousin, Lady Jerningham, to Florence. Lady Jerningham was much my friend. She not only persuaded Ellen into marrying me privately, but managed to make the General believe that his daughter continued her inmate abroad; whilst Mrs. Ashton, another good friend of mine, contrived to receive her at home. We have been sad deceivers," continued Harry, "and at last Ellen, fettered by a promise of secrecy, which your kindness tempted her every moment to break, could bear the deceit no longer. She wrote to her father, and I spoke to mine; and they are reconciled, and all is forgiven. I see that you forgive us," added he, as his sweet wife lay sobbing on Mrs. Villars's bosom,—"I see that you forgive *her;* and you must forgive me, too, for her dear sake. Your pardon is essential to our happiness; for we are really to live at the Park, and one of our first wishes must always be, that you may continue at the great house the kindness that you have shown to Ellen at the farm."

WHY SHOULD WE PART?

BY MRS. BARON WILSON.

WHY should we part? Can gold fill up the void
That would be left within each aching breast?
In the world's waste, Love's fabric once destroyed,
Ne'er could we hope to find a bower of rest;
But endless grief would rankle in each heart.
Unsay the fatal word;—let us *not* part!

Why should we part? Can other ties repair
The speechless anguish of an hour like this?
Can they root out the deep-corroding care
That asks the balm of fond Affection's kiss?
Ah! no—let Fate its sternest frowns impart,
These gushing tears proclaim we *cannot* part!

Why should we part? Because a glance unkind,
A look too cold, a word too rudely given,
Has left a scar on Love's soon-wounded mind,
And dimmed the brightness of Affection's heaven?
Oh!—let this kiss remove the poisoned dart,
And heal Love's bleeding wounds;—we *shall not* part!

GILLIAN GREY.

LILLIAN GREY.

BY MRS. C. M. MOORE.

BENEATH an elm tree's spreading boughs
  Fair Lillian stands at even—
Her thoughts I warrant me of earth,
  Though eyes are fixed on heaven.

What read ye there in pale north star,
  That ye so steadfast gaze?
Not half so winning in its light,
  As thy eyes' witching rays.

Look down to earth, sweet Lillian Grey—
  There is one waiting there;
Beside the casement stands he now,
  Watching impatiently.

For him, that rose was gathered near,
  And placed within thy hair;
For him, that silken net was donned,
  And fastened with such care.

Then hasten, Lillian, to his side;
He thinks it long, the while
Thou pausest 'neath the elm tree's shade,
To miss thy winsome smile.

And, Lillian, trust me it is well
Thy fondest thoughts to hide;
For lightly won is oft light prized,
And sometimes scorned beside.

THE GIPSY GIRL.

BY A. M. H.

"THERE is no use in talking, madam—none in the world. I have been seven-and-thirty years, come lady-day, mistress of this school of Glendenning, and so good-for-nothing a young toad I never met."

"Try gentle means, dame," replied the amiable Mrs. Leigh; "gentleness, I am sure, would conquer. Reason with her."

"So I did, madam—I did reason with her last night. When the children were all gone home, I gave her a regular talking to; 'Ellen,' says I, 'you know what a good-for-nothing girl you are; you know the pains that are taken with you: there's Mrs. Leigh took you when your old *gipsy* grandmother died in James Blount's barn. She clothed you, and fed you, and placed you under my care: you have been with me now nearly three years, and yet you have not half got through your sampler. You can't say three times three without missing; you'd rather play at bass-ball, or hunt the hedges for wild flowers, than mend your stockings.' (I let her see I knew her tricks, madam.) 'You just mind your reading, indeed,' says I, 'because that

pleases Mrs. Leigh—but you'll never get your bread by reading, I tell you.' With that she says, as pert as a magpie, 'I ought to please dear Mrs. Leigh—she is never cross to me.' "

"'You young brat,' says I, 'do you mean to say that *I'm cross?*' So she turned sulky and would not answer. Now, madam, mark my patience. I never said a word more, nor touched her; and with that she walks across the green without saying as much as 'by your leave, mistress,' and pulls her pinafore full of dirty weeds."

"Dame! dame!" said Mrs. Leigh, "I cannot call your thus wounding the feelings of the child, *reasoning*. Her mind is a superior one; and you treat her as if she were of an inferior species. I *know* that kindness would soften her."

"A good birch rod could not soften her, madam. This very day I gave her my apron to hem; bless you, madam, every stitch was as long as my finger!"

"Mr. Leigh's cravats were good specimens of needle-work."

"Ay, madam, she's so deep. Anything for you or his reverence will be as nice as hands and pins can make it; but for me or any one else, I warrant she takes a long stitch."

This conversation between the most choleric of village school-mistresses—a regular lady of birch and foolscap, long samplers, and awful button-holes,—and sweet Mrs. Leigh, the most peace-loving of all vicars' wives, took place at the school door of Glendenning, a retired village,

bounded on one side by the river Tees, and on the other by picturesque and highly cultivated woodland. It was a ripe and sunny September evening, and the rustic children were playing merrily on the green that led to the quiet river.

"I do not see Ellen," said Mrs. Leigh, "she is generally the gayest of the gay. I know her faults, but, indeed dame, you *are* too severe."

"No, madam, I am not severe. Ellen is safe, madam—*safe* in the coal shed, where I put her, after flesh and blood could bear her idleness no longer; and there she stays until—"

"Until I desire her removal, dame," said Mrs. Leigh, with more than ordinary dignity, "which I now do, as I want to find if *my* reasoning can effect more than yours."

"Reason, indeed!" muttered Dame Godfrey, as she passed to the little brier-fenced yard to liberate her prisoner; "a good birch rod 's the best argument. Ladies have strange notions now-a-days. Who would have dreamt, I wonder, of *reasoning* with a brat of seven or eight years old, thirty years ago? I knew all along no good could come of her gipsy blood: the best reasoning is a birch rod." With this charitable feeling she unlatched the shed.

"Come out, Miss Graceless, and thank me for my kindness in not—Bless us!—why Ellen!—Ellen!—Ellen, I say!—Mrs. Leigh!—madam!—why she's not here!—clean gone!—and, as I hope to be saved, her bonnet, shoes, stockings, and tippet, here they are, rolled up on the window ledge. Well, if ever I saw such ingratitude," continued the loquacious mistress, "the little gipsy hussy—"

"Dame," said Mrs. Leigh with firmness, "I desire you to be *silent*. Your unkindness has driven from the only roof that sheltered her, a young and unprotected child. I have one bitter reflection,—that of having permitted you to remain in a situation which your severe temper quite unfits you for."

Dame Godfrey, for once, was dumb—utterly dumb for full five minutes,—and when she recovered her speech, Mrs. Leigh was at the other end of the green, anxiously inquiring if any one had seen little Ellen, the gipsy. No —nobody knew anything of her; none of the children, who now eagerly flocked round Mrs. Leigh, could tell what path she had taken.

"What! Ellen run off, madam?" said James Blount, a stately old oak, who, man and boy, had vegetated sixty years in Glendenning; "if she has run, don't thee blame her, madam; Dame Godfrey has driven her to't. When the evil spirit's in her, she's enough to drive anybody clean daft. Oh! she's a wicked limmer."

"She'll come back," said Dame Croft.

"She won't," said James Blount, "never. There's that in her would brave storm and starvation. I'd walk myself, this bonny evening, a score o' miles and mair, to hear or see that little gipsy; for a nobler child is not under that moon that's smiling so sweetly on the churchyard trees. She was so like my own lost Jane," said the old man, with a bitter sigh, "so very like."

"She gave me up her prize at midsummer," said Jane

Price, "because she had so many gifts from you, madam, and I had none."

"Often," continued Blount, "have I seen her under the brier hedge, at the end of the copse, when her sweet face has been swelled with crying; and when I asked her the reason, 'Oh! 'tis nothing, sir; I know I'm careless—but oh, dear! I'm sure I'm not a beggar's brat. Mrs. Leigh would not call me *that*.' She has a high spirit, and a light one to be sure: but oh! to an orphan child, we should show double mercy."

"She was a wee bit careless though," said Mrs. Croft, "and that's enow to provoke any one."

"We are all careless sometimes, dame," answered James; "but women ought to show the mercy they expect so much of."

Mrs. Leigh arranged that Blount and another villager should go in opposite directions in quest of little Ellen; and then turned towards the parsonage pondering bitter thoughts; "Why had she suffered Dame Godfrey to hold her situation so long? She did not possess the Christian meekness—the firm yet gentle temper, necessary for the village school. Why had she been weak enough to suffer her easy, perhaps indolent conscience, to be quieted by the consideration, that if Dame Godfrey were turned out of her situation, what would become of her? Why, when she felt and acknowledged the affectionate disposition, the abilities, and the noble bearing of this child of adversity, did she not see that her wayward humour was restrained by proper methods? And why did she promise to rear and protect

even the gipsy orphan, and yet permit the village tyrant to treat her with contempt, if not with cruelty? Why had she been wilfully blind to Ellen's unhappiness? Why had she forgotten the necessity for appointing a schoolmistress, whom the children of the village could love and respect, as well as obey?"

When she remembered the gipsy's sweet and bewitching face, that alike in joy and sorrow turned to her with such an expression of devoted affection and gratitude; when she called to mind the many little traits of generosity the little creature showed to her playmates, she forgot her proud spirit and wilful temper; and thought, with truth, that her faults, like those of most children, were not to be attributed to *nature*, but to *education*.

When Mrs. Leigh reached the parsonage, her first question was, "Have you seen Ellen?"—"Ellen, madam," replied old Mary; "Ellen was here immediately after you went out. She looked so woe-begone, without tippet or shoes, and brought you a bunch of wild flowers. 'Child, what's the matter?' said I; 'Nothing,' said she; 'but,—' and she cried as if her heart would break—'but give my dear mistress these for me, and tell her, the gipsy Ellen was not ungrateful.' I know the Dame is hot, so I asked her if she had beat her. She grew red as fire, and would not answer. The flowers, madam, are on master's study table."

Mrs. Leigh entered the study, and looked on the fair and fading memorials of Ellen's love. The blue "forget-me-not" was profusely scattered amongst the other blossoms

of the heath and hill. Mrs. Leigh was forcibly struck by the feeling and delicacy of the orphan child; and mentally resolved that if Ellen were again restored to her care, she would herself superintend her education. She had no offspring of her own; and her beloved husband's state of health was so precarious, that she had often wished for one "who might be to her a child." She had often thought of Ellen;—but some contending feelings, and perhaps, the indolence of mind before alluded to, prevented her acting on her wish.

James Blount waited not for morning. It was, he said, "bra' moonlight;" and he marched northwards, thinking that Ellen might have felt an inclination to cross into Scotland, as she had an extraordinary love for everything connected with that country. A gipsy horde was also there; yet James could not bring himself to think that she had joined them. He passed from cottage to cottage, inquiring if any one had seen the little runaway; and got fairly out of patience—a quality to be sure he did not particularly excel in, at any time, when he heard an old clock strike twelve, just as he reached the boundaries of Scotland.

He knew he could gain no farther information during the night; and, without any ceremony, disturbed the inhabitants of a little rustic inn, where he rested until morning.

An hour after dawn, James found himself in the "North Countrie;" and then began to reason, as well as he was able, on the improbability of the little gipsy's having wandered in this direction. "I must be right," said he to himself, "she can hardly be in Scotland, although she loves the

name of that bonny land; her little feet could never have carried her so far. I'll e'en go back to Glendenning and—But hark!—hark!—was that the wood-lark's note, or the voice of the little runaway?" Without pausing to ask himself another question,—a habit which the sturdy old yeoman dearly loved—James Blount crept slowly into the copse from which the sounds proceeded, gently pushing aside the underwood, and stooping beneath the bending hazel-trees, whose ripened burden dropped from their shells as he stirred the fruitful branches. It was, indeed, the little object of his search; the natural music of whose voice was rising above the trees, and sounding so sweetly, that the very birds appeared silently listening as she trolled a wild song, the long-forgotten melody of early days, which had returned to her remembrance, now that the associations with which it was connected exerted their influence over her mind. The song she sung had all the wildness peculiar to the wandering and outcast race to whom her existence was traced. She was repeating it by lines, as they came to her memory, at times humming the air, as if to recall the words connected with it; and now and then she murmured some sentences of that strange language which is unintelligible beyond the gipsy tribe. The song that follows, is formed of scattered sentences, gathered from the lays of this extraordinary people; and, although clothed in another language, and perhaps constructed with more attention to harmony, the ideas, and even the rhyme, are such as they use, apparently, with much delight.

O sing the wild lay that we sing every day,
When the sun lights the sky, or the moon rises high
O'er our beds, o'er our beds of wild thyme;
Let it scorch or decay, we heed not its ray;
On the plain we can lie,—to the shade we can fly,
And can choose, and can choose our own clime.

Oh! the world has its care, which we never share,
Tho' at distance we hear of its pang and its tear;
But we laugh, but we laugh and live on.
For life always looks fair, and our toil we can bear;
While no sorrow we fear, tho' we see it come near,
With morrow, with morrow, 'tis gone.

We but cease our wild song, as we wander along;
To hear the birds sing, in the summer or spring,
Like ourselves, like ourselves they are free;
Like the weak and the strong, that we ramble among,
'Mid the greenwoods that bring into freedom each thing
As they grow—as they live—so do we.

James Blount still crept onwards until he perceived the object of his search, sitting at the foot of a tree, and smiling as gaily and as happily, as if her song had indeed proceeded from a light heart. She had gathered her apron full of nuts; and while her hand rested on the brown twig which had assisted her in collecting her store, she was in the act of gazing on a gay-coloured butterfly, whose motions she had been anxiously watching ever since her voice had ceased. It had now settled on a leaf of the tree that shadowed her; and she was silently admiring its brilliant hues, apparently forgetful of her wearisome journey, the

night she had spent sleeping on the greensward, and the utter hopelessness that waited on reflection.

"So, Miss Ellen, I have found you!" said James Blount, starting from his hiding-place, and standing directly before the terrified child. In an instant, the nuts tumbled to the ground, and the tears burst forth from her large black eyes, as the full remembrance of her situation came before her.

"Don't thee weep, child," said the yeoman; "although I may say thou hast been very *silly*, a little wicked, and almost ungrateful."

"No!—no!—not ungrateful!" exclaimed the child as she rose, and made the good-hearted old man weep also, for her little feet and hands were swoln and bleeding; "not ungrateful to Mrs. Leigh!—but oh! I thought to be so free and so happy, away over the hills from Dame Godfrey; and Mrs. Leigh could not miss *me*, when so many love her." After much coaxing and a few threats, James Blount induced the little truant to return to her only home; and taking her in his arms, bore her towards the village of Glendenning, and soon entered the pathway that led to the back entrance to the Parsonage house.

The secret of Ellen's wandering was preserved even by her loquacious friend; and the children all thought this night was passed at the good lady's dwelling. A new mistress was soon provided for the school, and a new system had its effect, not only on the little gipsy, but on the whole youth of the neighbourhood.

It is now fifteen long years since I last visited the little

village of Glendenning; let my readers fancy themselves ascending with me the gentle slope of the hill, that leads to its neat church, and its mossy churchyard. How grateful is the perfumed air! how reviving the breeze that comes from the blue river, that gives back the image of the blue skies! The glorious sun is sinking behind the hills; and the fleecy clouds appear as if waiting, in the distance, to behold the blaze of his farewell glory.

Between this tranquil spot, where the forefathers of the village have for ages slept their last sleep, and the river, which for ages has followed the same course, is the village school. How white are its walls! and what a happy-looking woman is its mistress, who is knitting in the little garden before its door! See how the children flock around her; the younger prattling their little tales into her attentive ear, and the elder laying on her lap their wreaths of mingled daisies and buttercups. Hark! she beckons the stragglers onwards; and now they are all there, assembled to raise their little voices in the open air, and sing the praises of the Giver of all good.

Now turn for a moment to the churchyard again, to mark a young and lovely woman who is carefully twining the pensive jessamine around a white marble slab, and propping the roses that lavish their beauty and their perfume upon the grave—the grave doubtless of some beloved parent, to whose memory affection pays its tribute every eve. Now she is passing under the row of sombre yew trees, and just turns at the stile to look once again upon the tomb. Oh!

there are those of whom it may be said, even upon earth, they never die.

Let us gaze for a moment on this tablet, which records the dead.—"To the Memory of the Rev. John Leigh, for twenty years Vicar of this Parish."—

"To the Memory of Ellen, his Wife, who survived her beloved Husband but one month."—

So then, my old and respected friends have followed many of the flock, of which he was in truth the shepherd—so then, they have gone to that heaven whose messengers they indeed were—so then—

But hark! the hymn is over; and if we hasten we shall see the little elves trip home in the early moonlight. They are all within; but the door is open. And there, in the very midst of the happy urchins, is the very lady who was but now decorating the dwelling of the departed. How affectionately she speaks to them!—that pale and slender girl has just received some cakes: how gratefully she looks up to her kind friend! and that rosy lump, with her laughing blue eyes, is absolutely placing her curly yellow head under the lady's hand:—'tis evident that the law of love alone is here! I can see neither rod, nor fool's-cap, suspended in awful dignity over the fire-place; while everything is exact, clean, and as it ought to be. There is one of them, however, in disgrace—a little sulky toad;—how she bites the end of her bib! Now the lady sits down, takes the unfortunate corner out of her little rosy mouth, and *reasons* with her in calm and affectionate terms, suited to her understand-

ing—tears come at last—there, it is all over—"She will never do so any more."

The lady is gone forth, and the little ones are merrily trotting homewards.

She has certainly bewitched me: involuntarily have I followed her steps to this lowly hut; it is evidently the abode of poverty: she has entered its open door, surely to be the messenger of comfort. How truly is a "virtuous mind in a fair body, a fine picture in a good light." Let us look through the latticed window: we can see and hear She has laid her bonnet on the chair, and is bending over the bed of a sick and aged woman; now she reaches the Bible from the shelf, and in a sweet and gentle voice, reads the words of comfort to the sufferer. "Cast me not away in the time of age—forsake me not when my strength faileth me!"—"Some put their trust in chariots, and some in horses; but *we* will remember the name of the Lord our God."

"Oh! Miss Ellen," exclaimed the invalid in a weak and broken voice, "how unworthy am I, and how good are you; but you have long since forgiven me."—

"Surely I know that voice; the lighted candle gleams upon the aged woman's face: is it? *it is* old Dame Godfrey!"

"And the dark eyes, the jetty hair—can it, can it be the gipsy Ellen?" I exclaimed.

"Ay, that it is," said my old friend James Blount, whom I now for the first time observed peering in at the window

as well as myself; "Miss Ellen Leigh, we call her now, heaven bless her sweet face! the comforter of the poor, the respected of the rich, the pride of the village of Glendenning. Ay, madam," he continued, and he laid an emphasis on the words that followed—"Ay, madam, *it is* ELLEN, THE LITTLE GIPSY."

THE BUCKET.

THE BILLET.

BY R. W. T——.

Oh, drop the curtain's heavy fold,
And unmolested let him stand;
For Paradise is in his heart,
And Destiny is in his hand!

He reads—perhaps the words are few—
Some tender greeting briefly said;
But yet, Dodona's oracle
Was never with more reverence read.

He dreams—and through his after life,
No other dream can be so fair:
Let fall the curtain from your hand,
And leave him in the silence there.

Ah pause, before your step is heard—
Breathe not a word the spell to break.
Remember, all the days to come,
Their colour from this dream must take.

Know you not, in the web of life,
The threads of gold by Love are spun,
And in the glass of Time, *his* hand
Drops the bright sparkles one by one?

THE CAPTIVE OF TRIPOLITZA;

A REAL INCIDENT OF THE GREEK WAR.

BY G. COCHRANE, ESQ.

It was in the autumn of 1821, the first year of the Greek revolution, that the Greeks collected all their forces for the assault of Tripolitza, the capital of the Morea. The Provisional Government of Greece resolved to possess this place before winter commenced; and the Greek Palicari, who had been for months besieging it, were tired of waiting for the riches known to be in the town, Tripolitza being the residence of the Pacha and his court, besides containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants; and the wealthiest Turks of the Morea had fled thither for refuge.

On the morning of the fifth of October, the Greek troops, led on by Ypsilanti, Colocotroni, the Bey of Maina, and Karaiskaki, assaulted the town simultaneously in different parts. The Palace of the Pacha offered the greatest resistance; around it were collected the choicest Turkish troops, who fought with desperation; but nothing could withstand the impetuosity of the Greeks, excited with the recollection of wrongs their country had endured from Turkish despotism during the last three centuries, and tempted by such a

prospect of rich plunder. The Palace was soon gained, most of its inmates flying to the mosques for protection; and, shortly after the entrance of the Greek troops, the whole of the town was wrested from the Turks, of whom eight thousand were killed in the assault.

A Greek Capitani, who had been an eye-witness of the whole scene, related to me the following, which is connected with the fair subject of this sketch.

"During the first six hours, the Greeks were so occupied, that they had not time for plunder; but when the palace was taken, and the Pacha made prisoner, the Turks fled in every direction, and then commenced those scenes of horror attendant upon a town given up to be pillaged by an infuriated soldiery. Towards evening, when there was no longer any resistance, General Karaiskaki and I, walking together, met some soldiers carrying a Turkish female, who was in a state of insensibility. The men being interrogated by the General, said she had been rescued from the ruins of the Palace. Karaiskaki ordered them to take the fair captive to his tent, and he himself accompanied them. After the recovery of her senses, she informed the General that she was the daughter of a Bey in the service of the Pacha, that her father had been killed at the commencement of the siege, and that on the morning of the assault she had taken refuge in the palace with several ladies who were her relations.

"Karaiskaki was not enabled to withstand the beauty of his fair prisoner, who was then only seventeen years of age. The conqueror was soon captive to the charms of the

beautiful Zuleina, and she has since requited his love with the most unbounded attachment.

"Tripolitza having fallen into the power of the Greeks, Karaiskaki led a portion of the army to the assistance of Marco Bozzaris to attack Arta,—taking Zuleina with him; —and, that she might never lose sight of her lord, she accompanied him everywhere about the field in the capacity of his orderly, and when so engaged, was partly in man's attire and partly in female."

It was in May, 1827, after hearing this romantic incident, that I first saw its heroine in Greece. Karaiskaki, the best general that Greece has produced, was stationed at the Piræus with ten thousand troops under his command, watching the movements of Kiutahi Pacha, then at three miles' distance in the environs of Athens.

In order to facilitate the operations of the army, the naval armament of Greece anchored off the Piræus, under the command of the late Earl of Dundonald, then Lord Cochrane, whom I had accompanied thither from his recent command in Brazil. Karaiskaki immediately came on board with his staff,—the charming Zuleina accompanying him as orderly, in her warlike costume, carrying a light Greek musket in her hand, with a brace of pistols and ataghan placed in a red leathern belt encircling her waist. Her jacket, which did not descend lower than the waist, was made of a white sheep-skin (the usual dress of the Palicari), and she wore a fustanel and white cotton trowsers: this costume was the same as that of the Greek soldiers, excepting the goat-skin gaiters worn by the latter.

Upon her arrival on board, every eye was directed towards this young and gentle Amazon, whose countenance was highly interesting and agreeable; the rudeness of her garb, by contrast, even tending to heighten her truly feminine loveliness.

The sun of Attica had not yet made any ravages on her complexion, which was of a beautiful roseate clearness. Her eyes and brows were dark; and notwithstanding she was of Turkish origin, the profile was perfectly Grecian, —the nose being quite straight, and in a line with the forehead. Her head-dress was a red Greek cap, around which were entwined long plaited tresses of dark auburn hair.

Although attachment for the General had caused her partly to assume man's attire, she had evidently not lost that feminine modesty which so heightens the charms of the fair sex, for nothing could exceed her mild and gentle manner; and we repressed the gratification of looking at so fair and interesting a creature, on seeing how much pained she appeared by exciting observation. Our interpreter informed us that she was the constant companion of Karaiskaki, whether in the field or in the tent; and he dilated so warmly upon the heroism she always displayed, that we were struck with respect and admiration for a person exemplifying what the love of woman can undergo for the object of her attachment.

General Karaiskaki's manners were those of a rough, intelligent soldier; but his appearance was not exactly what we had imagined for the hero of Zuleina's romance. His age was upwards of forty; his figure tall, gaunt, and

powerful, and his countenance by no means handsome; his complexion dark to swarthiness, with small quick eyes, and a nose *un peu retroussé*. But he possessed valour and intellect, two qualities which seem to be all-powerful with the gentler sex. His dress was a sheep-skin jacket like Zuleina's, with a fustanel, and goat-skin leggings: he wore no arms except a Turkish sabre.

At that time, in Greece, it was considered complimentary to extend a visit of ceremony to a most unreasonable length: and our guests, who came on board at ten in the morning, remained for four hours, which were devoted to drinking and smoking. At two o'clock, when we began to think they would never depart, the fair young orderly came to the General for his commands, which she received with every form of respect, and then preceded him into the boat.

On the following day, Lord Cochrane and myself, with his staff, went on shore to return Karaiskaki's visit. The General received us with great politeness; and when we had taken chairs, kept purposely for foreigners, he placed himself on a rug, after the Turkish style, with Zuleina by his side. She had divested herself of her military attire and arms, wearing a short velvet tunic, and a white cotton dress, with Turkish trowsers and slippers: her rich dark hair was nearly all concealed under the Greek cap, but she looked beautiful.

About ten minutes after our entrance two Palicaris entered, bearing trays with small cups of coffee. This presentation of coffee to a stranger is in Greece the duty of the

hostess,* but Zuleina deputed the occupation to the Palicari, to whom she frequently gave orders, and it was apparent that in the General's tent she exercised that prerogative of command which her beauty and attachment deserved.

About a month after our visit, this charming captive had to deplore the loss of her lord, and the Greek army one of its bravest commanders.

Karaiskaki did not follow the example of modern warfare, in which the commander, placed a little distant from the scene of action, directs the operations of the army by force of his genius; the impetuous Greek imitated his ancestors

* All over Greece this flattering but somewhat menial act of hospitality is performed by the daughter, sister, or wife of the entertainer. The first visit I ever made in Greece was to Admiral Tombazzi, then Minister of Marine. The usual compliments of the day having passed, his daughter, a beautiful girl of fifteen, entered bearing a silver waiter with some cups of coffee. My interpreter intimated to me that it was the Admiral's daughter, and I rose and bowed to her, but was astonished at finding myself pulled back again to my seat by my coat-skirts;—he hastily whispered it was not customary for visiters to offer attention of this sort to ladies. She wore the Hydriote costume, a silk handkerchief covering her head, and bound so tight under the chin that she was obliged to hold her head forward; a green cotton petticoat, fringed with yellow, descended to the knee, with embroidered stockings and green silk slippers. When we had accepted the proffered coffee, the sweet little creature stood at a distance with her hands crossed on her breast, meekly waiting until we had finished; and then taking the cups she silently withdrew! To my English ideas, it seemed a painful reversing of social duties, to see her performing such an office for those who should have been at her command.

famed in story, who were wont to be the foremost in rushing upon their foes. Wishing to be the first to engage the enemy, he mounted his horse, and with a portion of his troops made a furious attack upon the Turkish lines, near the Monastery of St. Spiridion.

He was almost immediately wounded mortally. Upon his falling from his horse the Greek troops desisted from the attack, and conveyed him on board a Greek vessel.

From the time he was first wounded, until his death, Zuleina attended him, bearing his head on her bosom, endeavouring to alleviate his agonies by every means in her power; but all was in vain; within six hours, the rashly brave Karaiskaki expired in her arms. After this disastrous event, Zuleina retired to Napoli de Malvoisia, where she resided until the departure of the Egyptian troops from the Morea; and thence she withdrew to a secluded spot in the interior of the country, near the Monastery of Megalopolis.

As the traveller journeys from the Piræus towards Athens, he will observe, on the right, about a quarter of a mile from the road, a monument erected to the manes of Karaiskaki. It was upon that spot he fell.

DANCING DAYS.

BY O——.

WHAT is care? such a thing they say there is,
Though it never invades my laughing hours;
Can it come to a spot so green as this,
To sadden a maiden so crowned with flowers?
But my cheerful days will pass away,
As the aged say when my step they praise;
Sorrow will wrinkle my brow, they say,
If I should survive my dancing days.

But I live to dance, and not to sigh,
Though others may weep if they will, my dear;
I can only dance, yet I fain would fly,
So light I seem when the lyre I hear.
What is youth, but a cheerful and mazy dance,
In which pleasure leads us a thousand ways!
What is life, but a long and sweet romance,
In which all the days may be dancing days!

"IT'S MY LUCK."

AN IRISH SKETCH.

"Some call it Providence, and others fate."

"WELL, ma'am dear, I never thought that ye'r going into foreign parts would make a heathen of ye entirely. To be sure, it turns the mind a little to leave one's own people; but to shift that way against what the whole world knows to be as true as gospel! It's myself that couldn't even it to you, at all, at all—so I couldn't—if I hadn't heard it with my own ears!"

"I assure you, Moyna, you are very much mistaken in imagining that the whole world adopt your notions of predestination, for—"

"I ax ye'r pardon for interrupting you, my lady; but I said nothing about pra—pra—I can't twist my tongue round the word," continued Moyna; adding, with that exuberant vanity which prevents the Irish from ever pleading guilty to the sin of ignorance—"Not but I've often heard it before."

"Predestination, Moyna, means what you call Luck—a thing you believe you cannot avoid—a sort of spirit that deals out to you good or evil, in defiance of your own wishes."

Moyna looked puzzled, exceedingly puzzled: she knocked the ashes out of her pipe against the post originally intended to support a gate, which, according to Moyna's reading, "her luck" had prevented from being either made or hung; and, stuffing her middle finger into the bowl of the little puffing medium, so as to ascertain that no hidden fire remained in its recess, she returned it to her pocket, clasped her hands so as to grasp the post within their palms, and leaning against it, one foot crossed over the instep of the other, she turned her head a little round, and called to her husband by the familiar but affectionate appellation of "Tim a vourneen!"

"Tim"—or, to speak correctly, Timothy Brady—made his congée from beneath the roof of a picturesque but most comfortless sheeling—a cottage that would have looked delightful in a painted landscape—a matter essentially different from a delightful cottage in reality. Nothing could be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery: wood and water—hill and dale—a bold mountain in the distance—a blue sky over head—the turrets of a lofty castle shining among the woods—and the lawns and shrubberies of another, extending to the little patch of common on which seven or eight huts, similar in appearance to my poor friends' dwelling, were congregated. The lord of the one mansion imported his own mutton into England; and the master of the other assured his London friends, that his agent assured him that the peasantry in the neighbourhood of his park were "the finest and happiest peasantry on the face of the earth." But neither the one nor the

other had anything to do with my poor cotter and his wife, for it was many years since they had visited their estates. Had it been otherwise, Timothy and Moyna must have thought more wisely, and acted more discreetly.

Timothy Brady differed in nothing from the generality of his countrymen, except that he was "better larned," for he could read and write, and, when a lad, was in great esteem as a "mass server," and noted as being "remarkable handsome at the altar." I had not seen him for some time, and was struck with the painful change which a few years had made in his fine athletic form. Moyna had ever been a careless, affectionate "slob of a girl," who would "go from Bantry to Boyne to serve me on her bare knees," but had little idea of serving herself. Such a character is not improved by age; but there was a time when I had hoped a better fate for Timothy. His sunken eye became bright and animated when he saw one who had rendered him some service, and he pulled up his stockings over his bare legs, with that striking regard to propriety which an Irish peasant rarely forgets in the presence of a female.* After the usual civilities had passed, Moyna commenced—

* I may mention, by the way, a striking instance of this characteristic. Some friends of mine were on a boating excursion, a few years ago, in Bantry Bay—and a lady was filling to each of the boatmen a glass of whiskey. Observing that one of them was looking in an opposite direction, she slyly dipped the glass into the water, and handed it to him in lieu of the more agreeable beverage. The man took it, bowed, and—while the eyes of the whole party were upon him, expecting a "splutter," or perhaps an oath—drank it off, returned the glass, with a "thank ye kindly, ma'am," and without the slightest change of countenance. "Why,

"The lady's at me agin about the luck; and now, maybe, she'll have the goodness to say what she said awhile ago."

"I told your wife that Predestination is what she calls Luck, and that she would agree very well with the Turks."

"The Turks!" repeated Moyna, throwing up her hands and eyes in horror. "Oh, ma'am, honey—I never thought you'd even the Turks to one of your own country! Oh, Tim, Tim! was I like a Turk when I sat by your bed, night and day, while ye had the typhus fever? Was I like a Turk when I took Mary Clooney's child from off the dead breast of its mother, and she kilt at the same time by that very fever, that kilt her husband? Was I like a Turk when I took the bed, that was no bed, only a lock o' straw, from under me, that blind Barry might die decent and easy, in consideration of the high family that owned him? Was I like a Turk when"—

"Moyna, will ye whisth, woman dear!—you have no understanding; the lady only meant that you and the Turks had different names for the same thing. Wasn't that it?"

I bowed and smiled.

"Was that it? Och, bother!—to be sure we have different names, I ax ye'r pardon, but I think ye said I'd agree with the Turks?"

"Yes, good Moyna, in one thing; you believe in 'luck,' and so do they."

Pat," exclaimed the lady, in astonishment; "do you like salt water?" "No, ma'am, I do not like salt water, but if *you* had given me a glass of poison I would have drank it."

Moyna was appeased, and Timothy took up the matter.

"There's no denying luck, nor no going against it, lady dear, that's the short and the long of it. It's my luck never to make as much by anything as another. Why the bonneen we reared from the size o' my hand, that Dorney Cobb offered me any money for at Candlemas, caught could and died at Easter—sorra a man on the common had the luck to lose a pig but myself!"

"How did it catch cold?"

"Out of nothing in the world but my luck; it was used, poor thing, to sleep in the cabin with ourselves, as the sty had no roof: but a neighbour's child was sick, and my woman axed some of the family in, and the pig was forced, out of manners, to give up his bed, and sleep in the sty, which, as it had no roof, let in the rain. And it was mournful to hear the wheezing he had in the morning; and to see him turn his back on the pick of the mealy potatoes just before he died."

"Well, Timothy, I should call that mismanagement; I do not see either good or bad luck in the case; for it is clear that, if the sty had been roofed, the pig would not have been accustomed to cottage warmth, and consequently could not have caught cold."

"Well, lady, listen;—it was my luck entirely that hindered my roofing the sty. I'll tell ye all about it. Did ye know Tom Dooly?—sorra a hand's-turn he'd do from Monday morning till Saturday night—barring the hoight of mischief. Ye didn't know Tom?—well, ma'am, I'm sure ye mind his brother Micky—'One-eyed Mick,' he was

called, because he as good as lost the other in a bit of a spree at the fair of Rathmullin, and could get no justice for it."

"No justice for the *spree*, do you mean, Timothy?"

"No, ma'am, I mean no justice for his eye; clearly proving there's no law for the poor—God help them! The boy he fought with was as good as thirty years older than himself, a tough ould fellow, with a crack-stick skull that nothing could harm. So Mick know'd that, and he never offered at the head, but the shins—which he broke as complate as anything you ever saw. And so the magistrate set the ould boy's shins against Mickey's eye, and bid them make it up. Ah! there's no law for the poor, at all, at all!"

"But, Timothy, let us get back to where we set out,—the pig-sty."

"Troth, yes," returned Tim, "though I'm sorry to take a lady to a dirty subject. Tom Dooly says to me, says he, 'Tim, ye're in want of a lock of straw to keep the heavens out of the piggery.' 'I am,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'come over to me, I've a lot of as fine barley straw as ever danced under a flail, and ye shall have it, just for thank ye.' 'God bless ye, and good luck to you and yours, Mister Tom,' says I, 'good luck to you and yours for ever and ever, amen!' 'And when 'ill you look over for it?' says he. 'To-morrow, for certain,' says I. 'Very good—to-morrow, by all means,' says he, 'and make my respects to the woman that owns ye.' Now, ma'am, dear, mind the luck; something or other hindered Moyna from taking my

brogues to be mended, to the brogue-maker's that night. So I couldn't go the next day, and that very evening a great splinter ran into my foot out of the spade-handle."

"Stop, my good friend, if the spade-handle was splintered, why did you not mend it?"

"Ma'am dear, that was a way you had, ever and always, tripping a body up in their story.—Sure I did mend—that is, I eased it with a bit of a cord. But it was my luck hindered me, and the bad foot, from going the day after that; and one thing or another came across me, until it was just a week before I could go for the straw. Well, the black boy himself put it into my head to borrow Matthew Maccan's white mare. 'Take her and welcome,' says Matty; 'but mind, if you put yourself or anything else on her, she'll kick till she smashes every bone in your body, though she'll draw a creel, or a cart, till the day of judgment, as easy as May butter.'—'Thank ye kindly, Matthew,' says I, 'I'll mind fast enough,' and away I went. And at his own gate I saw Tom, as grand as Cromwell, with his hands in his pockets, and a silk Barcelona round his neck, like any gentleman.—To be sure, the luck of some people! 'Good evening, Tim,' says he. 'Good evening kindly,' says I. 'Where are you going with Matthew Maccan's beast?' says he. 'No farther than this,' says I, 'until I go home again.' 'I'm always glad to see an ould friend,' says he; 'but why didn't ye come,' says he again, 'for the barley straw?' 'Sure I'm come for it now,' says I. 'You are!' says he, opening his great gray eyes at me, like a wild cat; 'sorra as much for ye, then, as would build a

sparrow's nest,' says the traitor: 'If ye'd been glad of it, you would have come when you was bid to come, and not let a whole week rowl over your head. I gave the straw to Jemmy Hatchet, and by this time it's no straw, but a roof, and a good one, too, to his sty, and his neat, clean barn.' 'It's ill done of ye,' says I, as cool as a cabbage-leaf, though my blood was boilin' at the ill luck that follows me; 'ye might have waited; but never heed,' and I turned the horse round to come home. 'Sure,' says he, 'ye're not going to stir ill-blood out of the offer I made ye from kindness; if ye did not take advantage of it, it was your fault, not mine.' Well, I didn't value the straw a traneen, ma'am dear; I've a spirit above it; but I did not like his bestowing his dirty straw upon Jemmy Hatchet: so I makes answer, 'Do you say I'm in fault?' 'To be sure I do,' he says, with a grin of a laugh. 'Then by this, and by that,' I says, swearing a great whale of an oath, that I'd be sorry to repeat before a lady, 'I'll make ye eat both ye'r words and the straw.' 'Ye can't,' says he, 'and what's more, ye dar'n't; a'n't I the priest's nephy?' Well, that would rouse the blood of a wood-quest, for it was cowardly-like; and, as my luck would have it, I hot him an unlucky blow; and a dale of sorrow it got me into; for I had the world and all of penance, to say nothing of being had up, and he swearing he gave no provocation. For sartin I didn't mean to have struck so hard, and didn't think his bones were so soft. But that wasn't all of it,—going home, the trouble of what I had done uppermost, I forgot what Mat said about the horse, and got on the baste's back, who made no

more ado, but kicked and plunged, and pitched me into the thick of a pond full of young ducks and geese; and two ganders set upon me, and as good as tore the eyes out of my head, before I could get out of the water; and I had to pay two and three half-pence for the young that was killed in the scrummage. And well I know it's long afore such luck would have followed any other boy in the parish but myself. Now, ma'am dear, isn't that luck?"

"Is your story finished, Tim?"

"It just is, ma'am darlint,—that is, I mean the sty story is finished; but I could tell ye twenty as good, and better, too, to show what ill luck I have."

"There is no luck, ill or well, that I can see, from beginning to end. Your misfortunes entirely arose out of your want of punctuality; had your shoes been mended, as they ought to have been, you could have gone for the straw with comfort on the evening you were desired. Still, their not being mended was no excuse for your want of punctuality. You put me in mind of an anecdote I heard once of two Irishmen, who were too lazy to pluck the figs that hung over their heads in a beautiful garden in Italy. There they lay on their backs, beneath a tree covered with fruit, their mouths open for the figs to fall into. At last a fig, by what you would call 'luck,' fell into the mouth of one of these Irishmen. 'What a lucky dog you are, Paddy!' said the other, opening his great mouth still more widely. 'I don't know that, Looney,' replied Paddy, after swallowing the fig, 'for I have had the trouble of chewing it!'"

"Agh, ma'am honey! I wonder how you have the heart

to tell such stories against your own country; letting the foreigners laugh at us that way."

"Listen, Timothy; how would your own case read? Timothy Brady was indicted for an assault upon Mister Thomas Dooly, who swore that he told the aforesaid Timothy Brady that, if he came to him on the evening of the first of May, he would make him a present of a load of straw to thatch his pig-sty; that Brady promised to come, but never came until the seventh of May; and in the mean time he, Thomas Dooly, thinking that Brady did not wish to thatch his pig-sty, had given the load of straw to an industrious man who did thatch his pig-sty; that when Brady found the straw had been given, he, without any provocation—"

"Oh, easy, ma'am dear!—you forget the laugh?"

"And who could help laughing?—'without any provocation did assault the said Thomas Dooly.' Now, is it not so, worthy Timotheus?"

Reasoning with the Irish on this same subject is pretty much like attempting to swim against the stream of a powerful river. You catch some little turn or current, and you think you have them there. No such thing. Away they go the next minute.

Moyna now took up the subject. "Sure, ma'am, you must allow that what happened to Milly Boyle was luck! Poor thing!—she'd as bad luck as her neighbours, and worse too, but she could not go past what was before her."

"Milly Boyle,—I remember her,—a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl."

"With rosy cheeks, and a smile ever ready to coax them into dimples. Ah, ma'am! she was the pride of the whole village. And her poor mother (and she a widdy) doated on her as mother never doated on child before or since, to my thinking. Then her voice was as clear as a bell, and as sweet as a linnet's; and though she had forty pounds to her fortune, besides furniture, a feather bed, and a cow, to say nothing of the pigs, and powers of fowl, and lashings of meal and cutlings (sure her uncle, big Larry Boyle, is a miller)—though she had all them things she was as humble as a wild violet, and to the poor was every ready with a soft word, and a 'God save you kindly,' and her hand in her pocket, and out with a five-penny bit, or a tester; or would think nothing of lapping her cloak round her, and away to any sick woman, or poor craythur of a man that 'u'd be ailing, and give them the grain of tea, or the bit of tobaccy, or taste of snuff, to comfort them; and the prayer of the country side was, 'Good luck to Milly Boyle!' To be sure if she hadn't the bachelors no girl ever had. Shoals of 'em watching for her coming out of chapel, or from the station, or the wake, as it might be, waylaying her, as a body may say; and though she was main civil to them all, and smiles were as plenty and as sweet with her as harvest-berries, yet it was long before she laid her mind to any, until her fancy fixed on Michael Langton, one of the best boys in the barony; handsome and well to do in the world was Michael, and every one was rejoiced at her luck. Well, the day was fixed for the wedding; and even the poor mother thanked God on her knees, and offered a cock to Saint Martin, and

a box of real wax candles to the Virgin—her blessing be about us for ever and ever, Amin! And the evening before, Michael and Milly were walking down by the river at the bottom of the common, and Milly spied a bunch of wild roses hanging over the stream, and she took a fancy to the flowers; and to be sure Mike made a spring at them, but his luck took the footing from under him, and, Lord save us! the poor boy was drowned in the sight of her eyes. But the worst of the woe is to come; she got a brain fever out of the trouble, and the fever scorched up her brain, so that there was no sense left in it, though her heart was as warm as ever; and then she used to go rambling about the counthry, with her hands crossed on her breast, and her eyes evermore wandering; and if she'd hear a cry, or a moan, she'd run to see if she could do anything to lighten the throuble, and yet she had no sense left to know how to set about it. And oh, ma'am dear, the mother of her!—to see that poor woman fading away from off the face of the earth, and following her as if she was her shadow!—'twas the hardest luck I ever knew."

"And what became of poor Milly?"

"The worst of luck, if it's as long as a midsummer day, must have an end—and so, ma'am dear, Milly died. And it was quare, too, she was found dead under a wild-rose tree—I often h'ard they were unlucky things—there she was, and I h'ard them that found her tell, that it was a beautiful melancholy sight to see her—her cheek resting on her arm as if she was asleep, and ever so many of the rose-leaves scattered, by nature like, over her white face!"

"And her mother?"

"Ah, ma'am, they say ould hearts are tough! but if it's true, sorrow can tear them to pieces—the two were buried in the same grave."

Moyna's story moved me much; I wished them both a kind good morrow, and had nearly arrived at the village where we lodged, when, panting and breathless, she overtook me.

"What's the matter, Moyna?"

"Oh, the man has the toothache so bad that I'm forced to run for a pipe, the smoking does it good."

"What, has he not a pipe?"

"He had, ma'am, but he lent it to Briney Moore."

"But I saw you put a pipe in your pocket not twenty minutes ago."

"So you might, ma'am dear, that's my luck; it would have stayed quiet and easy in anybody else's pocket, but there was a hole in mine, so it walked out and broke, without so much as by ye'r leave."

"Why did you not mend the hole?"

"Faith, ma'am, honey, if I did, it would break out again," said Moyna, with some impatience of tone and gesture. "Where's the good of mending anything, when we've no luck?"

Poor Moyna! she would have been very angry had she known that I again compared her to the Turks, and was more than ever satisfied that, till belief in fatalism is rooted out, poor Ireland will "have no luck!"

THE SEA! THE SEA!

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

To the resident in the interior who has seldom stood by the side of the vast ocean or been rocked upon its billows, whatever concerns the waste of waters, every incident occurring on its bosom, is fraught with a romantic interest, and every idea of its unmeasured surface is suggestive of grandeur and sublimity. Not even "the tent of stars," with its deep, dark, azure dome, which the eye aches in searching, impresses the imagination with a bolder image of the immensity of creation. How strange that familiarity so soon destroys the magic of the noblest scenes—that the awe with which the majestic impresses us at a first glance should so rapidly decline!

The science of astronomy appears to the novice, and still more forcibly to the ignorant, the acme of human attainments, the loftiest monument of human genius. To measure worlds, and trace into the vast profound the course of the fiery and erratic messengers of fate beyond the veil that shades the mystery of mysteries—how wonderful!—how grand! And yet, to the adept, who whirls a fire-poker upon a cord, to illustrate the forces that confine the planets

in their path, and demonstrates the laws which regulate the movements of the spheres by the vibrations of a grocer's steelyard, how all this grandeur sinks into sameness with the ordinary events and circumstances of life. The blue vault, that seemed to his infant soul almost worthy of that adoration which a fond mother taught him to transfer from the mere temple of Omnipotence to the unseen Creator, is often viewed as a mere stage, on which the mental gladiators miscalled philosophers contend, with all the rancour of the ring, for the *honour* of some algebraical formula that may enable them to advance a few paltry millions of miles deeper into the mere outskirts of infinity—for the *glory* of being the first to see, far off in the dark immensity of space, some sun or system—not as a world or group of worlds that rolled on their majestic way before our puny race began, and will continue to roll on regardless of the distant and diminutive ant-hill on which these emmets strive, but as a weight, before unknown, demanding for its proper estimate a somewhat longer steelyard.

Alas! Even with those whose spirits rise above the grovelling materialism of the age, the common laws of nature perpetually weaken the brightest and noblest of our pleasures. With every fresh impression, our nerves must lose a portion of susceptibility. As the most savoury viand becomes continually tamer to the luxurious palate, so, as our years advance, the eye, and not only the eye, but the spirit-sense to which it makes report, declines in energy,—the tall mountains of our childhood sink into little hills, and the stars shine less brightly, till we are ready to exclaim,

with one who died in what the world calls youth, though youth, for him, was past:

> "I am not what I have been, and the visions flit
> Less palpably before me!"

We need not be surprised, then, that old Ocean, the first-born of the mundane creation, should cease to awaken those emotions and excite that awe in the bosoms of those who have often tracked his deserts, with which he inspires the youth or even the old man, who, for the first time, watches the resistless swoop of the eternal billows, as they rear their majestic crests,

> "And, hurled impetuous on the trembling shore,
> Wake into voice the thunders of the deep."

We should not wonder that the seaman does not hail the watery plain as—

> "Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form,
> Glasses itself in tempests."

It is natural that he should look upon it with narrower vision and more selfish feelings; that he should not, even like the student of nature, regard it as the chief architect of this our globe, the builder up and puller down of continents, that shaped it, moulds it, vivifies it with perpetual evaporation, gladdening the valleys with rain, crowning the mountains with iridescent glaciers, tempering the seasons in their regular change, and preserving the records of all time in the stone-leaved volume of geology. In calms, he feels towards it as the farmer towards his acres. The Sea is

his servant; it is then, for him, "the steed that knows its rider." Even in the gale, he sees it an inferior, and, with a sense which to the landsman seems almost impious, he triumphs in its subjugation, as he boasts, with an almost marital affection for his ship, that

> "She walks the waters like a thing of life,
> And seems to dare the elements to strife."

And who can blame him that his affection and his pride become concentrated upon the bark that bears his hopes, his fame, his means of earthly happiness,—that, in this natural feeling, he should bury the consciousness of his dependence on the Almighty hand that buoys him up upon the swelling deep, where the proud one floats above the unfathomed darkness of the waters like a stray feather of the eagle self-poised upon the upper air! Look on yon gallant fleet tracking the waves with silvery foam,—its white sails swelled out almost to bursting with the favouring gale, the lightning of triumph flashing from many a bow, and the thunder of victory booming athwart the skies! Who would not feel himself almost a god,

> "To move the monarch of her peopled deck?"

But in storms!—Ay, in storms! when the Almighty treads the billows in his wrath—when his voice drowns the minute gun, and the doomed sailor, who knows no fear though death be present to his gaze, clings, watching the mountain-swells,

> "As they, heaving, rolling, crash upon the deck,
> While the wind whistles loud o'er the lee,"—

surely then, he must feel his real insignificance, and awed by the irresistible might, the immensity and grandeur of the scene, he must look upward instinctively from the instrument to the high hand that wields it! Alas, not so! Familiarity has blunted this perception, and too frequently the genuine sailor, borne up by human pride, still struggles with the ocean as a foe! The lightning strikes—the last, the sternest terror of the deep has come—yet as the flames shoot upward around spar and mast, and the last hope is gone, the sea becomes a personation, and the scorched mariner drops into "the yeast of foam," as the fierce savage dies upon the battle-field—hate in his heart and curses on his tongue!

Then, let not the bold youth of the interior, who sighs for a sea-life, expect to realize the bright dreams of imagination, in a profession which thus blunts his keen perception of the grandeur and nobility of creation's eldest child! Let him visit it, if means are found, and grave its picture on his heart. The impression will be holy and elevating; but the stars of our old age are not the stars of youth, the mountains of our infancy are but the little hills of manhood, and the great sea of our earlier years becomes, to those who seek "a life on the ocean wave," a mere arena on which small men contend for gold, and petty demigods for glory.

THE WITCH.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THEY talk ignorantly of human nature who regard the abolished crime of witchcraft as having had its origin in the phantasma of superstition. Nothing is more common in the management of mankind than to see persons who, from having felt deference paid to their mental superiority, have assumed to themselves the prerogative of governing others by their dicta, rather than by the reasonable exercise of their understandings. In such assumption or arrogance consists the criminality of witchcraft,—a crime as old as humanity, and as eternal as power and imbecility in the faculties of man. The following little anecdote is a demonstration of the moral theorem here propounded.

About the end of the reign of King James the First of Great Britain, a matronly woman of the name of Rebecca Swarth came to reside in the village of Stoke-Regis. Her appearance was rather, but in no remarkable degree, above her apparent condition. Some said she had surely been a gentlewoman; others were of opinion that her husband had been an apothecary; and the whole community of the village was somewhat surprised that she did not practise as a

nurse. She lived, however, among them many years, avoiding the observation which she was evidently conscious of having attracted. During the whole period her manners were mild but reserved, and her conduct and deportment singularly unexceptionable.

This friendless and forlorn person at last became old; her means, from whatever source derived, whether from the industry with which she plied her own distaff, or from any undivulged source, gradually diminished, till she became almost a mendicant. She was not entirely so, because her wasted form, and the variety of wretchedness exhibited in her patched and unrenewed attire, attracted the charity she required without any solicitation on her part. She did not beg; she was only helped.

One day,—it was in January, and after many stormy days of sleet and shower,—she came to the door of Alice Thorwald, a neighbour, and requested the loan of a little meal or flour. Alice at the time was busy fondling her child, and answered the request—which was modestly enough made—harshly. Rebecca repeated it, and received a still more ungracious reply. Rebecca a third time begged the little loan, of which she stood, as she said, really in great need; but the third answer was still less kind than the former two, and she was told to apply elsewhere; "for," said Alice Thorwald, "I have something else to do with my dear child than to heed such applications."

Rebecca Swarth made no immediate reply, but drawing her cloak close around her, she looked sternly at Alice for a short space of time, and then replied, "Well as you love,

or think you love, that darling, beware of the harm you are doomed to do it!"

When the old woman had retired, her words recoiled upon Alice; and when Eben Thorwald returned home in the evening, Alice mentioned to him the occurrence and the malediction, for so she had felt it, of Rebecca Swarth.

Eben was of a gloomy frame of feeling, strong in resolution, and withal disposed to the worship of superiority, however constituted. He was naturally suspicious, and not untinctured with envy; hence, either from antipathy or from the effect of some experienced slight, he at once disliked Rebecca Swarth, and was awed by her sagacity.

He caused Alice, his wife, to repeat to him the malediction—he pondered on its intimation—he thought he could discern in it something of more than met the ear—he stripped the child naked—carefully examined all its body—could find no mark of scathe upon its skin; and he finally concluded that if there were any power in the bodement, the evil thereof was to fall upon Alice.

Alice laughed at this conclusion; and, for some time afterwards no change was observable in her conduct; but in the end, Eben saw, or thought he saw, that she did not treat the child with her wonted affection, and chided her for the neglect, reminding her at the same time of Rebecca Swarth's prophecy.

Alice, disturbed by his exhortations, affected to fondle and caress the baby ten times more than she would otherwise have done, till her anxiety grew to habitude, and all her neighbours spoke of her, and marvelled at the inordi-

nate and foolish fondness for the child with which she embittered both her own life and that of her husband. Eben himself became impatient at her exclusive endearments, and one day bethought, as a remedy to check the morbid affection of Alice, to apply to Rebecca Swarth for advice.

"Your wife," said Rebecca, "has had a dream or an omen, that has told her she is ordained to do mischief to the child."

From that moment Eben felt himself irresistibly drawn to watch the conduct of Alice. The hand of fate had indeed laid hold of him; he felt it—he trembled, but he could not shake it off.

One night, while he was observing Alice watching the baby as it lay asleep in its cradle, he saw, or fancied he saw, the fondness with which she was hanging over it suddenly change, and a ghastly and haggard expression supplant the wonted maternal benignity of her countenance.

"You so worship that child," said he, as if willing to be disenchanted from the impression which her agitation had produced,—"you so worship it, that one might think you make much of it in order to hide some intent to do it harm."

Alice burst into tears, and wept with impassioned grief over the child, who, awakened by her sobs, smiled at her sorrow.

Eben was overawed at the effect of his remark, and endeavoured to soothe her with all his kindness; but his feelings received an irrecoverable shock when she informed him

that she had one night dreamt a dream, in which she saw Rebecca Swarth come to her bedside with a knife in her hand, and heard her say—"Cut the thread!" "From that hour," continued the comfortless Alice, "I have often seen a shadowy hand, holding a bloody knife, hovering over the cradle,—and the hand is like my own hand—"

* * * * * *

These strange circumstances, after the execution of his infatuated wife, Eben Thorwald told to the rector, who caused Rebecca Swarth to be apprehended as a witch. She was cast into prison, and several times examined; but no proof could be produced that she was in any way concerned in the murder of the child for which Alice had suffered;—Alice had confessed, when seized with the knife in her hand, that she had done the deed herself, from the instigations of a power whose dominion she knew not, and whose influence she could not resist. But the poor old, forlorn, and wretched Rebecca's strength was soon exhausted. On her third examination she confessed herself a witch, and the worthy clergyman interrogated her as to the manner of her intercourse with the devil, and piously inquired what benefit she had derived for having sold to him her eternal jewel. "The end of my sufferings," was her only answer.

The spot where she was burnt may yet be seen on the common: it is still bare and covered with ashes. Some say no bird ever alights on the ground there. The sheep nibbles at a distance from it, so that it is as much distinguished by the rank growth of the herbage around, as by the blackness of the ashes where she was consumed.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JEAN PAUL VON RICHTER.

BY MRS. CHARLES RICHARDSON.

In the midnight between the old and new year, an aged man stood at the window, and gazed, with a look of despair, upon the immutable, ever-youthful heavens, and upon the calm, pure, white surface of the earth, on which no one was so cheerless and so sleepless as himself.

For his grave was before him. It was covered with the snows of time, not adorned with the verdure of his youth; and he brought to it nothing, out of the rich abundance of his whole life, but errors, sin, and disease—a decayed body, and a devastated soul—a bosom replete with venom, and an old age of remorse.

The bright days of his youth, as they fled in the distance, turned round upon him like departed spirits, and presented again the serene morning of his hope, when his father first placed him on the cross way of life, which on the right, leads, by the sunny path of virtue, to a wide, peaceful region of light and fruition, peopled with angels; and on the left, following the moletrack of vice, to a dark cavern of dripping poison, full of hissing serpents, and suffocating vapour.

Alas! the serpents clung to his breast, and the poison glued his tongue, and he knew which of the roads he had chosen!

"Give me my youth again, O Father!" cried he, choked with grief as he looked up to heaven; "place me once more on the cross way of life, that I may choose the other path!"

But his Father and his youth were alike invisible to him.

He saw ignes fatui playing on the marshes and expiring on the cemetery, and he cried, "These are the days of my folly!" He saw a star shoot downwards from the sky, and glittering, fall and disappear upon the earth. "That is myself," he exclaimed; and the serpent fangs of remorse struck deeper in the wounds of his bleeding heart.

Spectres seemed to his heated imagination to flit on the roofs of the houses around him, and the windmills appeared to lift their arms as if threatening to crush him.

In the charnel-house a solitary form seemed gradually to assume his own features.

In the midst of the metamorphosis, the chimes of the new year pealed forth suddenly from the neighbouring tower, resembling a distant choral service of the church.

He became less violently agitated. He gazed around upon the horizon, and upon the wide extended earth, and he mused on the friends of his youth, who (happier and better than he) were now become benefactors of mankind, fathers of happy children, and blessed among men; and he cried, "Oh that I had chosen thus! I might, like you, also be slumbering with dry eyes this first night of the new year! Like you, I might have been happy!—Oh, beloved parents,

that I had but obeyed your instructions and fulfilled your new year's wishes!"

As the feverish recollections of his early days passed before him, it seemed that the figure which had assumed his features raised itself erect in the charnel-house, and in the superstition of new year's night it became a living youth.

He could gaze no longer; he hid his eyes; a thousand scalding tears streamed forth and dissolved the snows of time.

"Return again, bright youth," he cried; "come back once more!" and his wild and despairing voice died away in exhaustion.

And youth returned again, for all had been but a dream of the new year's night. He was still young. His errors only were no illusion. But he thanked God that he could, whilst yet early on the road, retreat from the miry labyrinth of vice, and go back to the sunny path of virtue which leads to the land of abundant harvest.

Turn with him, youth, if thou art yet straying in the ways of error. This fearful dream will be thy judge in futurity; for, although like him thou shouldst call mournfully, "Come back again, bright youth!" for thee it will not return.

JEALOUSY.

How early in infancy the evil passions of the heart begin to display themselves!—how late into the noon of life the follies of childish feelings are continued!

We laugh at this little urchin, perched upon the nurse's softly cushioned chair, and gazing for the first time upon the beautiful face of the sleeper,—the stranger who is destined hereafter to share with him that which he instinctively regards as his exclusive inheritance, the richest of all treasures, a mother's love; but are we really wiser than he? Are we not daily, hourly, guilty of like absurdity?

He knows not, poor child, that affection, like the zoophyte, grows by division; that, as in the mirror of the Syracusan philosopher, each added fragment, rightly placed, heightens the ardour and the brightness of the flame with which it warms whatever it falls upon, so every pure emotion receives from all surrounding things the rays which it concentrates successively upon each object of regard. The whip is cast aside; the ball lies idle and neglected on the floor; all the innocent amusements which delighted him till now are forgotten or despised, because a mother's smile—

the sunshine of his existence—is destined henceforth sometimes to waken smiles in another as well as himself.

Take up thy playthings, silly child, and remember that, though a mother's love has an inherent, sunlike energy, which still shines on, though clouds shut out from its view the flowers it would warm into bloom and beauty, yet all human affections are more like the moon, and their strongest fires are nourished by reflection. However instinct may compel us to love, in spite of coldness, that which nature leads us to regard as parcel of ourselves, we cannot but love best that which by loving makes itself most lovely. The passions are contagious, and can even a mother smile upon such a brow? Can one who wears it really love a mother, while frowning thus upon what a mother loves? Go to thy playthings; enjoy the good thou art accustomed to enjoy; and when the sleeper wakes, then share with him the pleasure of thy romp. Every bright smile he casts on them will fall also upon thee, and heighten thy enjoyment both in them and him. Should thy mother ever chide (and what child ever yet failed sometimes to deserve reproof?), then run and throw thy arms around that little brother, seek in thy love for this thy rival—as evil passions lead thee now to think him—an appeal to the same feeling in a mother's heart, and ask her to cherish thee, for the love she bears another. "Love me, love my dog," is a familiar proverb, and, by the way, there stands poor Carlo, conscious that his affection has lost its wonted power, for his master prefers looking angrily at another, to casting a kind glance on him. Even he, a mere puppy, is acting upon my

philosophy, and reading thee a lesson fraught with wisdom. Modestly doubting his own charms, when he finds that he can no longer please, he has caught up and bears to thee the most gorgeous of thy toys,—that peacock's feather,—in the hope that a chance look on its beauty may secure to him a grateful recognition, and reawaken the lost tenderness he so ardently covets.

And yet, poor boy, we may not censure thee too severely; for, how often do we see the full-grown man frowning on every one whose merit or beauty attracts a passing glance of favour from the object of his professed regard, pleading the intensity of love, for the selfishness that would concentrate upon himself alone her every look and thought, and even revenging upon her the natural diffusiveness of genuine love, that cannot choose but shed on all around the fervour it derives from the fond heart that warms it into being? What if the sun were to withdraw his light, because the moon, rejoicing in his rays, smiles back not only upon him, but on a thousand streams and myriads of flowers? Truly, jealousy is the chaos of the heart, and genuine love the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters!

NARCISSUS.

BY MARY ANNE BROWNE.

He bounded o'er the grassy fields,
He loitered through the wood,
Drinking the rapture nature yields
In deepest solitude.
His bosom, like a lucid lake
Whose quiet depths the impress take
Of Heaven's swift changes, felt the spell
Of all the beauty visible;
And flower and sunshine, bird and bee,
All filled his soul with guileless glee.

Not only glee, but love was there;
His spirit longed to close
Its fond embrace round all things fair—
And so he plucked the rose,
And folded it within his vest,
And gently clasped it to his breast;
And so he spake some playful word,
In answer to each happy bird,
And caught the gorgeous butterfly,
Yet touched its light wings tenderly.

He bounded on,—a singing rill
Beside his pathway played,
And one clear pool of waters still
Amongst the reeds it made.
He paused:—what meets his wondering eye?
Is it a vision of the sky?—
Is all that loveliness and grace
Reflected from some angel's face?
He never saw its like on earth,—
It cannot be of mortal birth.

It looketh up with earnest eyes,
Wherein the soft tears swim;
It seems to express the same surprise
That now is moving him.
Deep, sudden love hath seized his soul,
Beyond all reason or control;
He feels the blood his cheek o'erflush;
Lo! on *that* face a deeper blush:—
He stands entranced—he clasps his hands—
And so that answering image stands.

Oh! never more may bird or flower,
Or rainbow's lovely hue,
The happy magic of its power
Upon his soul renew.
He whose aspirings still have been
Towards perfection, now hath seen

Unrivalled beauty:—he hath traced
Her emanations through the waste
Of the wide world, and now hath come
Unto her fountain and her home.

Alas! and is this loveliness
Only a fleeting dream?—
He cannot to his bosom press
The vision of the stream:
Upon his soul conviction steals,
And all the mournful truth reveals;
No other love his heart may bind,—
Nought lovelier shall he ever find;
All that perfection is his own,
Yet dooms him still to be alone.

His golden dreams of love are fled;
Henceforth, how coarse and cold
Will seem the maidens he might wed,
And all of earthly mould.
What though he sees their brightest charms?
His memory all their power disarms!
His longing spirit turneth ever
Unto the image in the river;
And there his patient watch he keeps,
And oft, in hopeless passion, weeps.

And so he died!—but in his stead,
A spotless flower doth grow,

And gazeth still, with drooping head,
Into the stream below.
It was not idle vanity,
That bade Narcissus droop and die:
So, many a young and ardent breast
Still terminates its hopeless quest,
And hath in useless sorrow pined,
That no perfection it could find,—
No heart whose fond and fervent tone,
Was not exceeded by its own.

POETICAL HAPPINESS.

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON.

THERE is a fountain, to whose flowery side
By divers ways the children of the earth
Turn day and night athirst, to measure forth
Its sweet pure waters—health, and wealth, and pride,
Power clad in arms, and wisdom Argus-eyed.
But one apart from all is seen to stand,
And take up in the hollow of his hand
What to their golden vessels is denied;
Baffling their utmost reach. He, born and nursed
In the glad sound and freshness of that place,
Drinks momently its dews, and feels no thirst:
While from his bowered grot, or sunny space,
He sorrows for that troop, as it returns
Through the wide wilderness with empty urns!

INEZ.

BY CLARA MORETON.

THROUGH the laughing, lowly valleys,
And through mazy woodlands green,
Lovely Inez pensive wandered,
Beautiful as any queen.

All unbound, her waving ringlets
Floated on the evening air,
Shading eyes serenely thoughtful,
And a brow divinely fair.

Careless round her neck entwining
Fell a string of costly pearls,
Scarce as white as her pure bosom,
O'er which swept the raven curls.

Her round arms, so fair and faultless,
Were revealed through folds of lace;
For her mantle, light and airy,
Could not hide her perfect grace.

Lightly grasped her taper fingers
Clusters of the flowers sweet,
Which so thickly bloomed around her—
Underneath her dainty feet.

Thus the Lord of Seville Castle
Met her at the eventide,
And, from off his palfrey leaping,
Quickly hastened to her side.

Then her dark eyes flashed and kindled,
And the rose-flush swept her cheek,
And she turned with air disdainful,
While the Duke essayed to speak.

"If my love is scorned, fair Inez,
Speak the word, and I will go
To the distant field of battle,
Where my blood shall freely flow.

"For in life I have no pleasure,
Save in hopes of winning thee;
And this night decides the future:—
Inez, is there hope for me?"

Then her lashes long and silken
Fell athwart her radiant eyes,
And they well concealed the pleasure
Mirrored there, of her surprise.

For before, not e'en in dreaming
Had she thought his words sincere;
And she turned from him as scorning,
Lest her eyes should tell how dear.

Now his proud heart gathered courage
Burning words of love to pour;
But still Inez made no answer,—
Only drooped her lashes more.

"Shall I go?" he said then, sadly;
And his tones, like music low,
Thrilled through Inez' heart so fondly,
That she answered faintly—"No."

Thus the young lord's vows were plighted
On that joyous eventide;
And before the year was over,
Inez was his peerless bride.

THE BARON'S DAUGHTER.

"The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.
So angle we for Beatrice."

SHAKSPEARE.

"WHEREFORE so sad and silent, Helen mine?" was the question of the fair Agnes Montresor to her fairer cousin, the daughter and heir of the Lord Scrope, as, followed by a goodly retinue of waiting gentlewomen, grooms, and pages, they threaded, with a solemn dignity that might have done honour to elder dames, the narrow winding woodland path that divided the glassy mere, at the side of which they had been flying their falcons, from the ample park, dotted with noble groups of venerable oaks, bathed in the sunshine that surrounded the Baron's stately mansion of Beau-Repaire.

"What hath troubled thee, Helen, that thou sittest on thy jennet as mute as the merlin on thy wrist? Art thou wroth with thyself for chiding the young Lord Devereux from thy bridle rein? or—alack that a knight so lately from the gay court of France should know so little how to construe a fair maiden's wishes when her words say one thing

and her looks another!—is that same Arthur Devereux fallen into thy disgrace for the too readily obeying thy behests? What aileth thee, sweet cousin, thou the heir of these broad lands; for whose fair grace the champion strives in the lists, and the minstrel at the board; thou to hang drooping over thy saddle-bow, as sad as a turtle-dove that hath lost her mate—whilst I, thy poor kinswoman, and thy very bower maidens, Margaret and Cicely, are as blithe as so many larks! Fie on thee, sweet cousin! This wayward humour is flat treason against thy happier destiny! Betrothed, too, to the man whom thou best lovest! at the king's command! and with thy lord and father's approval!"

"Why, there it is!" responded the fair Helen, suddenly reining in her palfrey, and turning towards her cousin with an air of desolation that contrasted strongly with the sprightly demeanour of her young kinswoman: "Have I not cause enow for melancholy, think'st thou, to be bestowed by the king's behest upon the Lord Devereux, so that love me, or love me not, he must needs espouse me? And to be the daughter and heir of a wealthy baron, into whose ear all men seem bounden to pour false feignings! oh! that I were as little in debt to fortune as thou art, Agnes, that I might for once hear words of truth!"

And the pretty spoilt child sighed; and it may be—for I suspect that the sad rogue called Human Nature played beauties and heiresses the same tricks in the days of bluff King Hal as in the reign of our sovereign lady Victoria—it may be that she really thought she should prefer truth to flattery, even from the lips of the Lord Devereux.

Her cousin smiled with some archness. Perhaps she perceived, or thought she perceived, that what the fair heiress really wanted was praise in a newer and more piquant form.

"Nay, an thy melancholy have no deeper root than a lover's courtesy, sweet coz, I'll gage my velvet hood against thy broidered wimple that I find thee a medicine. Hearken, Helen!—This brisk October wind is gathering to a tempest. The golden leaves of this close beechen alley are falling about our ears, and the clouds gathering above our heads, as though the very blessed skies were part and parcel of our council. The rain that monisheth us to seek shelter, will drive the falconers from their sport by the mere. Put thy steed to his full pace, dearest! We must win afore these gallants to the great hall of Beau-Repaire; and there thou must hide thee behind the warder's great carved chair.—No! no! Sit thee down there, as though overwrought by the sport and the riding, and fall asleep; that were the cunninger device; and then when the Lord Devereux espyeth his lady and mistress, as he and my varlet, Philip Poynings, pass through with their hawks, mark an he speak not as soothfastly as if thou wert thy poor penniless kinswoman, with no dower but her merry heart, instead of the rich heir of the Lord Scrope."

So said; so done. The fair cousins rode as for life and death; and not only reached the goodly mansion of Beau-Repaire before the party from the lake, but had plenty of time to adjust the lady Helen's costume and position, so that she should enact the part of Sleeping Beauty as natu-

rally and becomingly as possible. That the attitude was natural, she had satisfactory proof after Agnes and her waiting-woman had retired; her old nurse, passing accidentally that way, having testified a nurse-like anxiety on the score of her catching cold, and even evinced some disposition to awaken her, by way of averting the danger; whilst the good Baron, her father, happening also to cross the hall, and seeing his darling, as he believed, asleep, took incredible pains to mitigate his iron tread, and stifle, as far as possible, the jingling of sword and spur, lest he should disturb her slumbers. In short, so admirable was the counterfeit, that the only person (except those in the secret) not taken in was the Baron's favourite mastiff, Wolf, who looked up in her face with an expression which seemed at once to detect the counterfeit, and to wonder, like an honest animal as he was, what could be the possible motive for such a deceit.

At last, according to Agnes's prediction, Lord Devereux and Sir Philip Poynings entered the hall, and after some talk of the falcon flown and the game taken, of jesses and lures, and a certain beagle called Donzelle, and a riding palfrey hight Lancelot, the good knight appeared suddenly to perceive the fair lady who filled so drowsily the warder's chair.

"Ha! thy bonnibelle!" said he, in a low voice.

Although her eyes were closed, Helen felt with absolute certainty that Lord Devereux glanced towards her, and she felt, she knew not how, that he smiled.

"She looketh well, asleep!" continued the knight.

"Indifferent well!" rejoined his companion, in a voice as chilling as his words.

"She's a fair damsel," quoth Sir Philip.

"Indifferent fair!" was the response.

"And hath a light foot in a coranto."

"Indifferent light."

"And a sweet voice in a virelai."

"Indifferent—"

"Nay," interrupted the knight; "thou art a very heretic in the matter of beauty, an infidel, a pagan. Thy very blood is frozen, that thou speakest thus of one of the fairest maidens of King Henry's court. If the Lady Helen be not a beauty, where wilt thou find one?"

"The damsel is indifferent fair," replied the Lord Devereux, quietly. "But the Lady Katherine Sandys hath a finer shape, and the Lady Piercy a prettier foot. And, for a virelai or a coranto, commend me to the bright-eyed Provençale, the burgher's wife of Lyons. Beauty, quotha! Thou talkest like the Squire of Dames in the legend. Ha! the rain pours down amain. Come and I'll show thee a suit of Milan armour fit to have figured at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Or, we'll have a bout with the rapiers, or what thou wilt! There's a good hour yet to dinner. Thou'lt beat me at the rapiers. I have not tried my weapon against one so well skilled as thyself this half year. Come, it lacks an hour of noon, we shall have time to breathe ourselves." And off the Lord Devereux marched, just soon enough to save his betrothed from the imminent danger of proving her admiration of frank speaking, and her severe love of

truth, by an explosion of tears, or of scolding—or, by'r Lady, by inflicting upon the cheek of her lover such a slap from her fair hand as, half a century later, was no uncommon act of grace from good Queen Bess to her more favoured courtiers!

Poor Helen! From this risk she was happily saved; and when they met at the banquet, the recusant had nothing worse to encounter than cold monosyllables and averted eyes. The storm still continued to rage without, and in spite of his lady love's declaration that she was ill at ease, both Lord Devereux and Sir Philip Poynings followed the damsels to the large, low, pleasant chamber, with the rich gilding of its panelled walls, its bay windows, and carved chimney, where the young kinswomen, surrounded by their female attendants, pursued their several avocations at the tapestry loom or the broidery frame.

For the first five minutes a dead silence reigned in the apartment. The Lady Helen was what an enemy would have called sullen, and a friend would have dignified by the name of melancholy; and her hand-maidens dutifully followed their lady's example. Agnes was the first to speak, whilst her cousin was now amusing herself with entangling her gold and silver threads under the notion of winding them, and now filling up a rosebud with blue silk and a pansy with crimson.

"Hast thou no French rondelay or English madrigal to sing or to say, my good Lord Devereux? No minstrel tale, or courtly jest, to grace thy lady's bower?"

"Say, how chanced the wooing betwixt Maximilien de

Montmorenci and Marguerite de Bethune?" said Poynings, aiding his fair mistress in her attempt to bring about conversation; "when I left the Chateau of St. Germains, Mademoiselle had taken it into that silly head of hers that the Count wooed her for her broad lands, and the more he courted and flattered the more she disbelieved, until at last 'twas a moot point whether the pretty heiress would not fling herself and her fiefs and vineyards, olive grounds and all, into a nunnery, from mere distrust and suspicion. What might be the end of that love-passage, Arthur?"

"Why, the little damsel improved day by day in mistrust and jealousy, until, as thou sayest, 'twere a chance but she took refuge in the church from poor Maximilien's luckless courtship. And so it chanced that, one fair summer morning, standing beside a close planted arbour, a pleached bower of rose and woodbine, the Chevalier d'Harcourt and Jules de Monthermer began to banter the Count on his misdoubting mistress. 'Tis pity of her,' quoth the Chevalier, 'for of a surety she's the fairest lady in France.' 'Nay,' replied Maximilien, 'Hortense du Plessis hath brighter eyes; and Adine de Beaulieu a sweeter smile; Leocadie de Blondeville hath a finer shape, and for a hand and foot the young Countess'—what name had followed none can tell,—for the fair Marguerite darted from the arbour, and Montmorenci, who had known all the while that she was listening, caught her in his arms—ay, even as I shall catch another listener—and said—Oh, fairest, sweetest, dearest, how may I tell what *he* said, when I am thinking of none save thee?—of nought save that entire and perfect love which

belongeth not to thy father's broad lands, nor even to thy surpassing beauty, but to thine own most dear and precious self;" and catching her in his arms, his lip touched—did it touch?—her snowy brow.

"No, there was no traitor, no treachery," continued he, answering the half-murmured question which stole forth amidst her blushes and smiles. "I was wending disconsolately among the beechen trees within hearing of my lady-love, when Mistress Agnes's device tempted me into a counter trial of sauciness. But I am pardoned. Full surely I am pardoned; and if ever again thou shouldst mistrust my love or thine own beauty, thou hast but to take a nap in the warder's chair."

A SONG.

ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

LIKE a rose sprang Jeanie,
From a blue May hour;
Friendship all her pride,
Virtue all her dower.

Like a rose spread Jeanie,
Whom warm skies illume;
Like its breath in sweetness,
Like its dye in bloom.

Like a rose fell Jeanie,
Smit by winter cold;
Loved,—destroyed,—derided:
So,—her tale is told.

Oh, too tender woman!
Heed her shame, her pain.
Let's not tell her story
A thousand times in vain.

APHRODITE.

SHELL-BORNE upon the waters, Beauty, speak!
Whence sprang the charm that as thou passest, gilds
All things on which it glances? Tree and flower,
Vale, hill, the storm-riven crag and icy peak,
Ay, even ruin and deformity,
From the contagion of thy spirit take
New hues, and don thy livery. Thus, the sea,—
Of which old legends say thou art the child,—
Though but a weary waste of slime and brine,
Assumes a glory from the setting sun,
Tendering the soul a gem-paved way to heaven.
Not forms alone, but immaterial sounds,
Confess thy sway. Echo from thee derives
Her soft, heart-soothing melody, and reflects—
Even as a mirror, light—thought's cadence. When
God speaks in the loud thunder-crash, thy smile
Tempteth the airy wave from cliff to cliff—
At each rebound less fierce—until it dies,
Kissing thy feet, in murmurs far away.
Terror and Fury to thy power succumb;
Love springs from thee,—the Graces on thee wait;
To thee the forest-monarch bows his head

Passive; and horrible forms, to urge thy bark,
Gather from out the deep, and own thee queen.
Spirit of Beauty, tell me of thy birth!
Was it in Eden, when the young, timid stars,
Half tearful with untested happiness,
Tremblingly twinkled through the silvery mist,
Skyward upborne from the Chaldean plains?
From the deep shade whence rose the tree of life,
Didst thou leap forth to deck with added charms
Eve's brow, ere Adam waked? No; earlier far,
Before old Time gazed on the half-formed sun,
And panted at the goal, thy voyage began.
While brooding yet, the Almighty wing enwrapped
The teeming waters, and the atoms felt
The first throes of harmonic sympathy,
From out the womb of Chaos thou wert born.
Coeval with creation,—with the thought
That wakened into life earth's perishing things,—
Thou too wert born, to tinge with heavenly glow,
Even the dulness of decay:—for, *death*
Is but the promise of new life;—and this
To teach, with thy twin sister, Hope, even this
Is thine especial mission. Purblind man
Sees not the spiritual; and to lead his mind
Through thee to His high attributes, God took
Thy loveliest features—all thy charms—and stamped
The heaven-reflecting image upon woman!

THE LOST PEARL.

A TALE OF CEYLON.

"The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

MILTON.

IT was somewhere in the last quarter of the last century, that Charles Pemberton, the younger son of an ancient but impoverished family, having committed the old-fashioned folly of marrying a young lady, for no better qualifications than beauty, sense, and goodness, without regard to those worldly considerations which modern prudence deems indispensable, esteemed himself most fortunate to inherit, through the bequest of a distant relative, a small estate in the Island of Ceylon; and to obtain a commission in a Dutch regiment serving in that colony, in which, in the course of fourteen or fifteen years, he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Living chiefly upon his own property, about a mile from the beautiful village of Negumbo, amongst some of the finest scenery of Ceylon (which the inhabitants imagine to have been the abode of our first parents, the paradise of the old world); enjoying an elegant competence, and all-sufficient to each other, Colonel and Mrs. Pemberton would have considered themselves blessed beyond the ordinary lot

of humanity, in spite of their banishment from the country they loved so dearly, and the society they were so well calculated to adorn, but for the great evil of eastern climates, the successive deaths of several promising children. Five fine boys and girls had they followed to the grave; and the only one who now remained to them was their little son, William, a child remarkable for his affectionate temper, his intelligence, and his beauty; upon whom both parents doted, more particularly, perhaps, his mother, whose own health had been considerably injured by the repeated trials which her maternal feelings had undergone.

No tutor had been provided for Willy, whom they intended hereafter to send to England for education. Meanwhile his father taught him, when at home in the intervals of duty, whilst Mrs. Pemberton supplied his place in his absence; but the active, lively boy was much about in the cinnamon plantations (just then beginning to be cultivated by the few British residents on the island), which were superintended by a Cinglese, called Vinna, a man of remarkable quickness and much apparent fidelity; whilst on longer excursions he was put in charge of a superior domestic servant, a Malay of the name of Gatura, who, by his pliancy of manner and powers of amusement, had greatly ingratiated himself with his young master.

Most implicit was the Colonel's confidence in these dependents, especially in Vinna—for there was an occasional expression in the dark eye of the Malay, which awakened the recollection of the vindictiveness of his race. Such was his reliance upon Vinna's integrity and care, that it came

upon him like no common shock, to find, having contracted for the sale of some essential oil of cinnamon (extracted from such fragments as happen to be broken off in packing up the bales), and having seen it actually measured and ready for delivery, that half a dozen bottles of this valuable oil, which sometimes sells as high as ten pounds British a pint, were missing; and that, upon subjecting all concerned to an examination, two of the very peculiar bottles in which the oil had been contained, were found in a corner of Vinna's hut, behind the earthen vessels used for cooking rice; whilst another was hidden between the brass basin and the pestle and mortar where the spices are pounded, upon the bench which surrounded the apartment, and formed, with the articles which we have enumerated, nearly the whole of its simple furniture. The bottles were not merely distinguishable by their fabric and shape, but the strong aroma of the precious commodity, and even a few drops left in the bottom, proved that they had been secretly and hastily emptied of their contents, and that Vinna, the trusted superintendent of this valuable manufactory, was himself the thief.

After one simple but earnest denial of the charge—a denial to which his master made no other reply than pointing to the concealed bottles—the delinquent attempted no further defence, but resigned himself tranquilly to whatever punishment the laws might decree. That extremity was, however, averted by the intercession of Willy, whose urgent entreaty for pardon for his friend was so far complied with, that Colonel Pemberton contented himself with dismissing

the favoured servant, who had set so flagrant an example of dishonesty to the labourers under his charge.

"Remember," said his master, impressively, when paying the wages due to him and discharging him from his service, "remember, that I have abstained from punishing you at the earnest solicitation of this child; but that if ever you again come before me for any act of theft or fraud, the chastisement will be exemplary." Vinna listened in silent submission, kissed the skirt of Willy's garment, and departed.

For a while the boy missed his kind and pleasant face in the cinnamon plantations and about the home-grounds; but the griefs of childhood are enviably brief, and he had nearly forgotten his old playfellow, when he was thrown unexpectedly in his way, many months afterwards, in a visit paid by himself and his father, attended by Gatura, to the pearl-fishery at Condatchy.

A gay and pleasant scene was this pearl-fishery. Thousands of persons, of all colours and nations, in the picturesque costumes of the East, from the rich travelling merchants who supply the great jewellers of our European cities, to the poorest of the Cinglese women and children, who hover around the sieves, and pore for days over the heaps of sand which have been thrown aside, in hopes of lighting upon the smallest seedling pearl, crowded the streets of the temporary town (at other times a mere fishing village), washing, sifting, boring, drilling, squabbling, and bargaining, in every variety of dialect and jargon; all intent upon the beautiful luxury destined to add a costlier splendour

to the monarch's crown, or a rarer charm to the brow of beauty.

Willy was delighted; all the more delighted that he met his old friend Vinna, and that Vinna had been singularly prosperous. A speculating merchant had not only engaged divers on his own account, but had employed persons to examine the sand that had been thrown by after passing, or being supposed to pass, through the sieves. Vinna had been fortunate enough to discover, in a portion which must have been spilled before being subjected to that process, a pear-shaped pearl of such size and beauty as had not been found off the coast of Ceylon within the memory of the oldest trader connected with the fishery. An agent of the King of Candy, specially despatched by his royal master for the purpose of obtaining such a jewel, to gratify a fancy expressed by his favourite wife, who wanted such an one to complete a set of ornaments, was at that moment treating for it with his employer. Vinna ran to procure it to show to the boy, and placed it on a crimson shawl to display the shape and colour to the best advantage. At Willy's entreaty, Colonel Pemberton also advanced to admire the treasure, attended by Gatura, who had accompanied them to Condatchy; and a little crowd of merchants and natives gathered round the place, enlarging upon its merits, marvelling at Vinna's good fortune, or rather the extraordinary luck of his employer, and wondering how, by any degree of carelessness, a pearl of such magnitude could have escaped from the sieves.

Whilst these assistants, in the heat of their discussion,

stood divided into separate groups, and Colonel Pemberton, at Willy's entreaty, was speaking with a grave and measured kindness to Vinna, his employer and the agent of the King of Candy, having concluded their bargain, returned for the pearl. They applied to Vinna, who motioned to the shawl, which he had deposited on the top of a high covered basket close behind him. The basket was there, and the shawl; but the pearl was gone! The consternation was general. Vinna wrung his hands in agony; the buyer and seller of the precious commodity were in equal dismay. Every man looked suspiciously on his fellow. Some disclaimed; some accused. Gatura, who had stood nearest to the basket upon which the valuable jewel had been so unhappily left, insisted so vehemently upon being searched, that, rather to pacify him and rid themselves of his clamour, than from any positive mistrust, his dress and person were, as he desired, subjected to a very rigorous examination: nothing, of course, being found that could implicate him in any way in the delinquency.

In the mean time, the less successful adventurers, who had before been loud in the expression of their astonishment that such a pearl could be found in such a manner, began to gather round Colonel Pemberton, to examine into the character which Vinna, whom they understood, from what had passed between them, to have been heretofore employed by him, had borne while in his service. The agent of the King of Candy, the purchaser of the pearl, and the speculator who had sold it, also approached with the same view. Willy, who, child as he was, saw the turn that matters

were about to take, seized the opportunity to steal towards his friend.

"Go, Vinna! go!" said Willy; and, with a sudden start, and a momentary pause, Vinna obeyed the injunction. He disappeared among the crowd; and, by the time that the questions of those interested had extracted from Colonel Pemberton the cause of his dismissal, and that two or three of the most determined called out to arrest him, he had made such good use of his time, as completely to baffle every effort of his pursuers: his flight, whilst it saved him from almost inevitable punishment, producing upon everybody, except Willy, who did battle manfully in his behalf, the most complete conviction of his guilt. It seemed as certain that he had stolen the pearl,—perhaps, that he had twice stolen it,—as that he had stolen the oil of cinnamon. No one believed in the possibility of his innocence, except our friend Willy.

The boy and his father returned to Negumbo; and in a little while, the Colonel was called away on service; and, Mrs. Pemberton being in delicate health, Willy was left much to the care of Gatura, who spared no pains in his endeavour to win the favour of the lively and spirited boy. He constructed a pad, on which to take him before him on a blood horse, belonging to the Colonel, and carried him every day upon some excursion to the cocoa groves (or topes), or the dreary forests which surrounded their habitation. One day he took him to see the manner in which wild elephants are caught; and Willy was delighted with the sagacity and affection displayed by one of the tame

ones, who, apparently recognising an old companion in the largest of those that had been insnared, actually opened the fastenings of the gate for the release of his friend; thus showing, although enslaved himself, his sense of the value of freedom. Willy was enchanted; and, on Gatura's dwelling upon the grandeur and interest of a buffalo hunt, never ceased importuning the Malay to afford him that gratification.

One fine morning, accordingly, they set forth professedly to witness this remarkable spectacle. The high-bred steed carried them rapidly through the cocoa tope, into the very depth of the forest. No sign appeared of the hunters; but, pleased with the beauty of the scenery, the golden rays of the sun darting through the shaddock and the tamarind, and resting on the beautiful fruit of the jamboe, and amused by the variety of bright-coloured birds and gorgeous butterflies, the boy took no note of the distance. At last, as the day advanced, the claims of hunger began to be felt, and he intimated to Gatura his desire to return home.

"Home!" said the Malay, in the low accent of bitter hate; "you never shall return. Do you remember the day —you, child as you are, may forget; but, on my memory that day is burnt in characters of fire—when, for striking this horse, ay, it was this very horse, as Colonel Pemberton, my master, your father, was pleased to think over hard, he snatched the whip from my hand, and struck me, ay, lashed me with it, as if I had been a beast? I grasped the crease in my bosom; but that would have been a brief and common vengeance. I have waited for such revenge as may endure;

and now my hour is come. You, too, young sir! you were pleased to read out of some story-book to your mother that pearls might be hidden in the mouth; that stripping the dress, and searching the person, was no security against a skilful thief! Home shall you never come to tell your father that tale, unless, indeed, you can win your way through the beasts and reptiles, the snakes and the panthers of this forest. Down with you, sir! Do not cling around me in this manner! Let go my sash, or I will cut away those little hands! What noise is that? Off with you, I say!"

And, frightened at some real or imaginary noise, Gatura dashed the struggling child to the earth, and rode rapidly away, leaving, in the boy's hands, the shawl sash, by which he had hung so tightly, and which had been folded, after the oriental fashion, round the waist of the Malay. A small packet dropped from it—it was the lost pearl!

Hungry and bewildered as he was, the stout-hearted boy lost neither his courage nor his presence of mind. He pocketed the precious jewel, plucked the unripe fruits to appease the cravings of appetite, and tried, with all his might, to retrace the way by which he had come, and to turn back to his home; but, far beyond his own knowledge, he only plunged deeper and deeper in the forest. He avoided, however, with remarkable boldness and sagacity, the frequent dangers from snakes and wild animals, took refuge under a talipot tree from a storm, which sent the shrieking flor-mouse to the same friendly shelter; and at night, remembering that the Cinglese sometimes constructed their

habitations for security on the branches of trees, he climbed the tall trunk of the cocoa to sleep.

What was the agony of the bereaved mother during that long and solitary night! Gatura had not returned, and, wholly unsuspicious of his treachery, she imagined that some fatal accident had happened to him and to his charge. Messenger after messenger did she despatch in every direction; Colonel Pemberton was recalled; and every means taken that the most anxious affection could dictate, to recover the missing child.

He, meanwhile, wandered on, subsisting on wild fruits by day, and sleeping in trees by night, until he had nearly reached the boundaries of Candy. He, too, poor child, was heart-sick and home-sick. The high courage which he inherited from his father, roused at the approach of danger; but at other moments, footsore, weary, bruised by falls, and torn by bushes, his spirits flagged, and his strength was exhausted. One day, as he was passing by some brushwood which half concealed the entrance to a low cavern, a furious buffalo came bellowing up a track in the forest, and, pausing for an instant, lowered his head to attack the child. Another moment, and Willy would have been gored by his horns, or tossed into the air; but a man rushed from the cavern, and seizing the child with one arm, with the other flung a piece of cloth (part of his own garments) over the head of the buffalo, blinding him, and entangling his horns, so that the boy and his preserver had time to retreat into the cave, the entrance to which was too low to admit the enraged animal. Willy was saved; and turning to thank

the friend to whose boldness and address he owed his life, he burst into tears of delight, clapped his little hands together, and shouted "Vinna! dear, dear Vinna!"

Three days after this, Vinna, bending in respectful salutation, with his arms folded upon his bosom, stood in the presence of the beautiful wife of the Candian king. She listened to his little story, and listened pityingly, for she was a woman and a mother. She promised, with the grace of conscious power, and nobly did she redeem her promise, to redress all Vinna's grievances, whether as regarded the oil of cinnamon, which she justly suspected Gatura to have stolen, or the pearl; and with regard to that pearl of pearls, the noble boy Willy, she made it her first business, her first pleasure, to send him home to his distracted parents, laden with presents, and accompanied by his brave preserver, the faithful Cinglese.

OSMYN AND CALED.

BY JAMES SMITH, ESQ.

OSMYN, who filled the Persian throne
With high tyrannic sway,
All night in fancied chains would groan,
But woke a king at day.

Caled, his slave, in bondage held,
From friends and country torn,
In dreams the regal staff would wield,
But woke a slave at morn.

Morn to the king restored the crown,
And made poor Caled sigh;
Returning night threw Osmyn down,
And raised the slave on high.

Ye casuists,—'tis a doubtful thing,—
An answer then I crave:
Pray tell me was the *slave a king?*
Or was the *king a slave?*

VENICE.

BY P. K. HERVEY.

THE old, wide world, amid her thousand tales,
Hath none like thine—and nothing like to thee;
A city rocking in the ocean gales,
And sitting like a swan upon the sea!
Along whose star-lit domes and stately halls,
Stole the strange echoes of the dim, deep caves,
While the green fairies by her marble halls,
In the still moonlight wandered with the waves.
No whorl of wheel nor tramp of charger rang,
'Mid whispering voices and 'mid gliding feet;
The stars were lighted and the sea-breeze sang,
And the wild wave went murmuring through her street,
And dream-like music, haunting heart and tide,
Filled all her happy nights when Venice was a bride.

And still, that strange old city of the deep,
Paved by the ocean, painted by the moon,
Shows like a vision of the haunted sleep
Some heart was lulled to by a fairy tune.
But sorrow sitteth in its soulless eyes;
The same proud beauty with its spirit gone;

And spanned, to-day, by many a "bridge of sighs,"
The sea goes moaning through their flutes of stone.
Gone the glad singing in its lighted halls,
The merry masque, and serenade apart,
And o'er their own dark shadows brood its walls,
Like memories brooding in a broken heart.
And Venice hath the veil upon her brow,
Where sat, of old, the crown;—she is a widow now!

THE FOREIGN-BRED CHIEF.

AN ANECDOTE FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir Walter Scott was a connexion and intimate friend of the well-known Mr. Coutts, the banker, whom he frequently visited, and they maintained a regular correspondence until the death of the latter. Mrs. Coutts (afterwards Duchess of St. Albans) had imbibed from him an enthusiastic interest in everything connected with "the bonnie North;" and the friendship she constantly experienced from Sir Walter Scott and his family, made her treasure all his writings and narrations beyond those of any other modern author.

When Washington Irving published "Newstead and Abbotsford," in which he gives the anecdotes, legends, &c., narrated to him, the Duchess of St. Albans described to a party at her house the wonderful gift of memory for recital possessed by Sir Walter; that during her different visits to Abbotsford he had related histories enough to fill a volume, —that he never reiterated one to her,—nor did it appear that he gave the same tale to different auditors!

There was one, she added, whose catastrophe was very striking, which Sir Walter Scott had related to the Duke of St. Albans, Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, and herself, on the spot where it occurred. She had asked him why it was not introduced into one of his productions? He replied that it was much too confined in its action to be extended beyond the mere anecdote.

She then related the following little sketch, adding, that although it was well known near the scene of its occurrence, she had understood from the narrator that it had not appeared here in print.

DURING my second visit to Abbotsford, Sir Walter Scott took our travelling party to see some ruins, of which he said there was a legend told by the country people. We set out early, as it was at some distance; and having traversed heaths, moors, and fords (for Sir Walter had a wicked pleasure in driving through the latter, to frighten

me!) we arrived at a narrow valley, at the head of which was a perpendicular rocky height, surmounted by a small blackened ruin. "Yonder stands the ruin of the burnt Hill Fort," said Sir Walter; "the path is inaccessible for a carriage, so I will tell my story while ye all rest on these granite blocks."

Some centuries ago, there was a famous Chief, who lived in a castle two miles farther north; and who, with his brother, was dreaded by his neighbours and adored by his clan.

He had never felt but one deficiency through life, and this was, a lack of learning, which shamed him sorely. Therefore, he resolved to send his only son, then quite a child, to the care of some relations who were in the French king's service, so that the future Chief might have a foreign education. When the young man came of age he wrote to his father that, having made the tour of Spain and Italy, he was now preparing to return to his native hills; and great were the hopes and rejoicing on the occasion.

It happened ere his son's return, that the Chief was obliged suddenly to send great part of his forces on an expedition; and a hostile Border Clan, seizing this advantage, entered the castle by stratagem, and took all the remainder prisoners. The valiant Chief himself was cut down, while favouring the escape of his brother, who flew to recall the absent forces.

In the evening he returned with them by a forced march, —to find all silent,—the prisoners carried away,—the slain stiff in the Hall, and among the latter their late Chief.

The usual wailings were raised, the dead buried, and deep

oaths of vengeance made by the infuriate Clan: but the Chief's brother said no decisive steps must be taken until the arrival of his nephew, now become their head.

Within a short time the young man came; but not alone —his companions being a dark, foreign lady, and a satin-vested page, neither of whom were considered by the Clan as an improvement to the household. The account he gave his uncle, as to the beautiful but haughty and unamiable-looking companion, was, that "she had flown from the injustice of her native laws, which had implicated her in the recent assassination of an unfaithful husband, who was unworthy of such a treasure: and she being, therefore, friendless, claimed refuge and hospitality."

The enthusiasm of the Clan, at the prospect of being led forth for revenge by a fine young man, caused them to sit up carousing all night: and at break of day the new chief was awakened by the clatter and lowing of cattle beneath his window.

The page, being sent to know why the Laird's sleep was broken, brought word that the whole Clan were to feast at the Castle during the day, on beeves which were to be roasted whole; and the oxen were just driven in to be slaughtered.

The foreign-bred Chief considered this a very coarse and very useless waste; therefore, ordering the cattle back to the fields, he desired that no feasting should take place for the sad circumstances of a son succeeding to an estate by the violent death of his father.

The news of this innovation on old customs, soon spread

among the eager and disappointed Clansmen. However, as a young sovereign can do no wrong at first, they contented themselves with supposing that his affairs were left too much embarrassed to allow of feastings, until his coffers were replenished. And this they resolved should be the case next day, at the expense of their hated Border neighbours, from whom they wanted to rescue their relations.

At daybreak next morning the Chief was again awakened by the pipers playing "The Gathering," in the courtyard. The page was sent to stop the din; but a deputation entered the Chief's bedroom, stating that the people demanded to be led for vengeance against the traitor knaves who had taken their brethren prisoners.

The foreign-bred Chief replied that all "forays and reprisals were barbarous, and must be discontinued. That he would seek redress by Law for any injury sustained, and this would compel the restoration of the prisoners without farther bloodshed."

Never was such a disgraceful proposal made, as to offer "law" to those who always took it into their own hands! The malcontents held secret counsel: the foreign-bred Chief had yesterday proved himself a miser,—to-day he was an acknowledged coward! It must come of his great education: therefore, he was unfit to guide his father's people; they would remove him, and rely on his father's brother, who had only the learning of the sword.

On the third morning at day-breaking the Chief was once more awakened; and this time his room was filled with armed retainers. They were barricading his doors and

windows inside, with all the strength which former chiefs had provided while governing refractory wild people.

The youth, imagining they sought his life, drew his pistols from beneath the pillow: the page, however, explained that the whole Clan had risen against him, placing his uncle at their head; and the few men in his room, who had been body-servants to his father, were the only portion still true to him.

The first thought of the infatuated youth was to ask after the foreign lady; and scarcely had he been assured of her safety in another part of the Castle, than the insurgents commenced their attack for admittance to the room.

Such was the strength of the iron-bound pine doors that they resisted all day; and towards evening the besiegers drew off to refresh themselves, leaving sentries. It was now nearly dark, and the foster-brother of the Chief suggested the possibility of their escape by a secret door, of which he knew the situation, and their chance of reaching the Hill Fort.

They at once descended noiselessly, and after a long passage, unbolted the low door, where there was but one sentry remaining. His life was taken; but not before he wounded the Chief desperately in the head with an axe, rendering him senseless. The trusty page and followers, raised and bore away the fainting young man to the Hill Fort, from whence it had been planned he should escape with the page to France.

On recovering from his swoon, his first demand was for the foreign lady: and his agony of mind was so great at

her absence among his enemies, that the attached page could not resist his importunities to venture to the Castle again and try to bring her back with him.

The youth obtained admission, and readily had speech of the lady, to whom he confidentially told his mission to bring her to the Chief's refuge at the Hill Fort. This she at once revealed to the Chief's uncle, and the page was then taken out for instant execution!

Meanwhile the lady, with an attendant disguised in the page's satin vest and cloak, set forth and arrived at the Hill Fort. She found her way to the chamber of the wounded man, whose joy at her courageous fidelity produced another fit of insensibility,—his throbbing head falling on her knees. From this he never awakened.

The dark foreigner had been won by the uncle's gold, and the change of circumstances; and (according to the revolting finale given by Sir Walter) the golden bodkin from her hair finished, on the devoted head of her lover, the deed commenced by the sentinel's axe!

The trusty clansmen below had just had time to examine and discover the fraud of the page's clothes,—and they had bound the attendant prisoner, when they heard a body of the rebels outside, demanding admittance.

This was refused; the revolters, becoming tired of the opposition to their intended change, set fire to the fort,—and all within it perished.

"And those blackened and mouldering ruins," continued Sir Walter Scott, "are all that now remain of that fearful contest of the same blood."

THE GAZELLE,

OR THOUGHTS UPON PETS.

A KEEN investigator of human nature can hardly fail to observe a singular and often a ludicrous resemblance, moral or physical, between individuals and the favourites, animate or inanimate, with which they are voluntarily surrounded. We were once acquainted with a gentleman of the highest worth and standing in society, who unfortunately laboured under a slight congenital defect of person, rendering his motions and appearance somewhat peculiar, though by no means painfully awkward; and so completely was this deficiency reflected upon his taste and fancy, that he seemed to stamp a parallel eccentricity upon everything that was his. His house, his horse, his coach,—the merest trifles that he selected for domestic or personal use,—reminded one of him, through some mysterious and inexplicable likeness; and to the question—"Whose is this?" whether it related to a penknife, a watch-seal, or a walking-stick, of his, seen by any of his acquaintances for the first time, the answer was invariable: "It must belong to Mr. A——."

In a reflex sense, this unconscious or instinctive attention to "the eternal fitness of things" may prove of great use

in the judgment of character; but the test is most readily applied when we question the disposition of our fellow-creatures from the nature of their animated pets.

In love, we are prone to seek a happy opposition of temper and mental qualities; for, as it is the design, or rather the law of Providence that man and wife should be *one*, there can be no proper or perfect matrimonial connexion, unless the marked and prominent characteristics of each party are adapted to the deficiencies and weaknesses of the other. But in friendship, the reverse of this rule is observable, and we attach ourselves most firmly to that which is parallel to ourselves in disposition and faculties.

Now, as in society, the rule to "assume a virtue, though you have it not" is acknowledged to be of the highest practical importance, permit us to recommend to the serious consideration of our amiable female friends, a few remarks upon the choice of pets.

A fondness for parrots most frequently developes itself so late in life, that the love of the garrulous has been fully made known to all the acquaintances of the party, long before the pet is chosen; and hence, the additional advertisement can do no harm, except to the ears of one's neighbours; and, indeed, from this latter annoyance there may spring considerable advantage, as it is apt to produce ample opportunities for the indulgence of the discordant loquacity which usually constitutes the chief pleasure of both bird and mistress. But the love of parrots may serve, perhaps, as a recommendation to a school-mistress, even when displayed at an earlier age, because it argues a peculiar apti-

tude for the most approved method of teaching, in these days of literary cramming and questioning. Moreover, the presence of the bird in the school-room may prove very useful as an example to the pupils, whose exercises are now commonly regulated on the psittachian plan, and it is surely desirable that they should approximate as nearly as possible to the high perfection of the best natural model.

What shall be said of lap-dogs? These poor little creatures seem to be universally detested by the men; and a young girl who displays an affection for them rarely secures an offer of marriage, unless possessed of considerable wealth or social influence; in which case, such offers are sufficiently abundant, whatever may be the mental qualities or disposition of the happy possessor. We would therefore recommend all young ladies whose social position is in the slightest degree questionable or doubtful, to eschew the society of these mild-looking, loving, tricky, and snappish little darlings—however morally fitting and appropriate such companionship may be—until after the unreasonable antipathy of the men has become a matter of secondary importance, and no one but a husband, and perhaps a few children, are interested in the neglect of all other affections which these exacting little models of utter uselessness demand, although they make no return but the selfish and merely habitual liking won by a warm lap to doze in, and plenty of sweet-cake.

Cats seem to be especially to the fancy of certain old maids, and the passion is not altogether useless as an indication of character. There is not in nature a more amiable picture

than Tabby sitting demurely on the hearth-rug with her tail to the fire, on a cold winter night, and Tabitha, her mistress, with one foot on the low fender, fancying all manner of figures in the embers! Then, disturb the revery of the one by treading on the tail of the other, and what harmonious discord is the immediate result!

We never see a child nursing a lamb, or weeping when it is taken away for slaughter, without trembling for the fate of that infant in after life. Of all associations of the pet kind, this appears the most appropriate for the truly amiable; but in this calculating, busy, and unfeeling world, how ill adapted for the struggle of life is the lamb-like character! If it displays itself in a boy, depend upon it, the progress of time will certainly develope the lamb-like into the sheepish, and unless the unfortunate be content to devote his after years to a professional attendance upon his woolly friends, or to pastoral poetry, and sentiment of the Wordsworth school, his case is desperate! If the sufferer be a girl, there may be hope. Should the wand of her destiny be placed in the hands of one kind and gentle, though high-spirited and quick to feel and to perceive,—one who will read her thoughts, though unexpressed,—whose arm will be ever around her, to support and defend unasked,—she may be happy; but how small the chance of this? How few husbands or fathers ever suspect the unseen wound and the unspoken grief! Wedded to sternness or to carelessness, her fate is sealed. The sheep makes no moan in pain,—no struggle in dying,—when the knife is at its throat, it gives, perhaps, one bleat, and all is over.

But the little lady in the picture that prompted these half grave, half serious nothings, is of a happier mould. Her natural sympathies have attached her to the gazelle,—of all animals the wildest, but most frolicsome, and at the same time, the most timid when ranging its native plains, but the most gentle and affectionate when tamed. Losing nothing of its vivacity and spirit in subjection, its attachment to the hand that feeds it is of the tenderest and most enduring stamp. Like it, then, we may infer that our little maiden bounds fearlessly over hill and dale, paddles with her tiny feet in the brook at noon, and gathers wild flowers at morn and eve; like it she springs away, on the approach of the stranger, and hides in the thicket or seeks shelter behind her mother; like it, when taken by the hand of affection, she will adorn with equal grace the palace or the cottage; gentle, though gay; obedient, though sprightly; loving and beloved; blessing and being blest! Commend us to the belles that pet gazelles.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF NATURE.

The mountain breeze! the fresh—the free!
Oh! bring the arrowy breeze to me!
Be mine, the breathing heights to stem
The hill's empurpling diadem;—
To seek—to meet—the rushing flow
That thrills my heart, and cools my brow;
And feel my bosom gladly bound,
To catch its soul-inspiring sound.

Keep wealth! thy domes and halls of pride,
Thy teeming vales, and gardens wide!
Keep pomp! thy gauds, thy pleasures rare,
Thy flowers, that wreathe the brow of Care!
Be mine the strength—the power to fly
Where care and sorrow come not nigh;—
To seek the glen, the mountain lone,
Where nature's heart is all mine own.

Ay, earth has many a galling chain
That binds me down to grief and pain;
And cold and harsh the world I view;
And kindred hearts are far and few;

But Nature!—thee, through good, through ill,
I seek, I bless,—unchanging still;
Alike in calm and tempest wild,
Thou hold'st communion with thy child.

Oh, can I press the mountain sod,
By mortal footsteps rarely trod;
Or plunge 'mid wilds and forests green,
Where sordid dreams have never been;
Or meet, by far and lonely seas,
Heaven's own, its pure, its blessed breeze;
Nor feel my bosom inly burn,
And peace, and hope, and joy return?

Oh, can I lift to yonder sky
A lonely and adoring eye,
When scoffing worldlings none are near,
To aim the jest, or point the sneer;
Its million glories can I view,—
Its mighty clouds, its melting blue,—
Nor, spite of pain and anguish, feel
Their holy influence o'er me steal?

And when the tide of feeling strong
The yielding spirit bears along,
When the full heart is swelling high
With dreams that meet not mortal eye,
Yet held in cold and stern control,
That shake and rend the inmost soul,

Then, Nature! then the world I flee,
To pour unchecked that soul to thee!

Reviver thou of visions fled!
Of early joys long vanished!
Entwined with thee, they are not gone,
To sleep in dull oblivion:
Thy magic touch aside can roll
The blinding mists that dim the soul,
And oft—in colder years—renew
Its bright first loves—the warm—the true.

Dear, dear to me, through every scene,
Through storm, through sunshine, hast thou been;
All else hath changed, save only thou;
Bright wert thou aye; and bright art now.
Oh! still on *thine*, *my* burning breast
Shall lay its throbbings wild to rest;
Nor feel care's chilling weight, while free
In thine own realms, to worship thee!

EVENING.

Let the music swell and the dance go on,
  And the lamps in splendour glare,—
There are richer sounds and a lovelier light
  To be found in the open air;

For I heard a note of the soft guitar,
  As it stole through all the din,
And I knew full well who stood without
  While his brother waltzed within.

Though Sir John sings well in the festal hall,
  There is one who sings alone,
Where the fountain plays in the pale moon's rays,
  With a softer and tenderer tone.

Though Sir John has lands, and offers rank
  And much gold to his chosen one,
And his brother brings but a loving heart,—
  I must follow the younger son!

JESSY.

A TALE OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

BY H. MICHELL.

THE Thames, three centuries ago, had characteristics essentially different from those that distinguish it in the present day. Gone are the palaces and gardens which, from Whitefriars to Westminster, adorned its banks; the six-oared, canopied barge has given place to the smoky steamboat; the waterman's occupation, by the erection of so many bridges, like Othello's, "is gone;" the spirit of romance has fairly vanished from the now impure, gaseous, and "tortured stream;" in a word, everything has succumbed to the march of triumphant utility.

Things were not always so. As still, on the waters that wash the marble palaces of sea-born Venice, music nightly sounds, and love breathes his sigh; so, in the good old times that shall never come again, did the gallant, gliding over the unpolluted stream, woo his mistress. Love assignations were made there. The high and the noble did not consider it derogatory to their dignity to touch the guitar; and woman's silvery voice was heard, making yet more smooth the unvexed and transparent bosom of "gentle Father Thames."

The moon shed a flood of light upon the single bridge which, spanning the noble river, bore on its granite shoulders a hundred houses; long shadows were cast eastward; the tide, rushing through the arches, created a slumberous sound; the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, where Shakspeare personated his own immortal creations, had closed its doors; when an individual who had lately stood within the walls of that temple of Thespis proceeded to the nearest stairs, and, springing into his wherry, rowed leisurely out into the stream.

The gallant whom we are about to describe, though on terms of familiar greeting with Essex, Raleigh, and the choice wits of the day, did not belong to the aristocratic class; yet, on his person and bearing, nature's nobility was stamped: that lofty forehead spoke of intellectual superiority; the eye, though subdued, and somewhat downcast through the mind's abstraction, had that searching glance which can read men's souls; the brows were drawn from their natural arch almost to straight lines, and gave to his physiognomy an expression of sternness, which, however, was redeemed by the humour that lurked around the thin-lipped, handsome mouth: his jetty beard was short and peaked; a conical hat, with a single feather, adorned his head; his doublet was slashed, and of the finest broadcloth; his ruffles were of rich Flanders lace; and the hilt of his straight sword—a present from the Queen—was set with rubies. And this was the deer-stalker of Stratford-on-Avon—this was Shakspeare.

The great dramatist was now in the summer of his days,

and (if we may be allowed the metaphor) the aloe of his renown had begun to put forth those leaves, the beauty and freshness of which have endured for three centuries. Genius, as regards its adoration of the sex, is sometimes content to feed on dreams of ideal beauty. But, at this period of his life, the Bard of Avon, it would seem, was not satisfied with worshipping a phantasy: Petrarch and his platonics offered nothing suited to his temperament, and he yielded to the passions that will inthral ordinary men. Love for an object warm, breathing, living, had kindled its fires in his heart. Cold seemed the creatures of his plastic fancy to this lovely incarnation of all his poetic dreamings,—this sweet, palpable shrine of the immortal spirit; and to pour forth his love-vows, and to press the lily hand of his sweet Jessy, did Shakspeare, on the night in question, urge his wherry down the Thames.

Jessy was a daughter of the despised people who regard Abraham as their great progenitor. Her father was a usurer and jeweller, and hung out his sign on the Old London Bridge. It was just above the third arch from the city side, ere the Dutchman Morris had erected his waterworks, that old Manasseh dwelt. There were but two things in the world dear unto him:—his money, and his daughter. From her extreme loveliness, Jessy had obtained the soubriquet of "The Beauty of London Bridge." Many of the illustrious of her tribe had sought her hand in marriage; but Jessy was deaf to each splendid overture. Several Christians, also, offered to lay their titles and riches at her feet; but here Manasseh angrily interposed,

since, from principle, as well as inclination, he bitterly loathed the followers of one whom his nation stigmatizes as the false Messiah. Yes, the Jew would have acted, if possible, a sterner part than a Virginius; he would have strangled his beloved and lovely child, ere seen her polluted by a union with a Christian.

Shakspeare's wherry glided on, and in a few minutes, having entered the deep shadow of the arch, he landed on the wide, projecting starling. Jessy's sleeping apartment was far above; but the girl, unknown to her father, had the key of a lower chamber which opened upon a small balcony; and thence, by means of a short ladder of ropes, she let herself down into the arms of the enamoured poet.

Shakspeare resigned his sculls to his young attendant, who knew his duty too well to listen to the conversation of the lovers. The beautiful Jewess was wrapped in a velvet mantle, bordered with miniver. Her large, dark, passionate eyes were now raised to the heaven, spangled with stars, and now fixed in melting tenderness on him who sat by her side. And thus they glided on—soft light above, murmuring waters around—conversing in tremulous whispers, and experiencing in those stolen moments of reciprocated affection, all the bliss that man is capable of wringing from the fleeting hours of this fevered existence.

We shall not detail at length the conversation which passed between Shakspeare and his Jessy. Thus nightly had they met, and breathed their vows of faith, and, in each other's presence, had forgotten the world and its cold restrictions. Jessy only trembled lest her father should

discover her amour; for rarely a day passed without Manasseh's bitterly reviling and heaping curses on the Christians.

"If thou dost love me," said Shakspeare, pressing the maiden's hand, "thou wilt never again enter the habitation of one who, harsh, bigoted, and cruel, is unworthy to call thee daughter. Jessy! dear one, fond one, true one! flee with me this night;—I will protect thee against a thousand fathers. This bosom shall be thy home; and, in return, thy love shall be my paradise."

"Not yet," said the girl, timidly; "I will pray to him, —I will strive to bend his will,—and perhaps, perhaps, he will relent. Moreover, harsh though he be, I love my father, and would not desert him in his old years."

"Sweet one, distress not thyself;—be true to thy vow;— continue to love me, as I worship thee, and, whatever betide, I shall be happy."

The moon had nearly set, and a deep gloom was falling over the river. Jessy was anxious to return, and the wherry shot back to the bridge. As they approached, Shakspeare perceived the figure of a man standing on the broad starling beneath the Jew's residence.

"It is only a waterman, love; there, he is gone; he has sprung, I doubt not, into his boat."

Jessy trembled; but the man had indeed disappeared around the buttress, giving them reason to believe that he was no other than the individual named. The beautiful Jewess was lifted by Shakspeare out of the wherry; the starling was damp through the splashing of the rising tide,

and he threw his rich doublet on the wood-work for the girl to step upon.

"Farewell, love! forget me not," whispered the poet of Avon, kissing Jessy's fair forehead; but at that instant Shakspeare started, for he felt his arm seized and compressed as in a vice by a sinewy hand; while words like the following were hissed in his ear:

"Christian! dog! hell-hound! have I found thee?"

Shakspeare, by a violent effort, flung the human viper from him; and as the setting moon shed a glimmering ray through the granite arch, he recognised the father of his Jessy! His first impulse was to draw his sword, but he instantly placed a rein on his inclination. The Hebrew was so convulsed by the passions which raged within him, that, for some minutes, he was unable to address his trembling daughter or her lover: the former, taking advantage of the silence of her father, fell on her knees before him, and besought him to restrain his anger. But the Jew waved his hand, while his fury at length burst forth in words.

"Begone! thou disgrace of thy tribe! thou reproach to thy father! or I shall slay thee!"

The girl, shuddering and overawed, crept up to the little balcony, and, in a few minutes, disappeared. The Jew seemed suddenly to have formed a resolution: his eyes, in the darkness of the night, burned like coals of fire; he muttered incoherent words, and snatching from his gaberdine a long dagger, dashed forwards, exclaiming:

"Unbeliever! contemner of the law of Moses! oppressor

of our race! it will be no crime to send thee, now, to that hell whither thou wouldst but go at last!"

The dagger grazed Shakspeare's breast, but the next moment he had snatched it from the infuriated Hebrew's hand.

"Old man, I woo thy daughter honourably."

"Son of Belial! even thine honourable love would be infamy! But my dagger is gone—can I have no revenge?"

With the quickness of thought he mounted to the balcony that projected over the starling, and drew the ladder by which he had ascended after him. Shakspeare, although he divined not what the Hebrew's motive might be, waited the result of his action with extreme anxiety. Presently he heard a faint cry like a supplication for mercy: then a shriek broke on the stillness of the night. The father and daughter appeared at the topmost window which overlooked the Thames: Jessy's sleeping-room was there, and it was fully apparent now what the incensed and maddened Jew meditated doing. Shakspeare shouted to him to desist, and began in frantic haste to climb to the balcony.

"Curses on thee, and thy paramour!" exclaimed the Hebrew, dragging forwards his struggling child; "thou shalt not live to bring this disgrace on my name."

It was over. The unnatural and atrocious deed had been committed. The Jew's flashing eyes marked his child sink into the rushing waters far beneath; a fiendish exultation lit up his countenance, and he smoothed his beard—and laughed. Shakspeare was thrilled with horror at what he witnessed; he plunged into the stream to the rescue of her,

the beautiful, the guiltless one. He dived where she sank, but the tide was flowing so rapidly, that the current had carried her through the arch. She floated now at a distance—sank again—the agonized swimmer reached her at length, and succeeded in placing her in his boat.

"Jessy! my own Jessy!" cried Shakspeare, straining the beautiful girl to his heart, and printing kisses on her cold lips. Her dark eyes were closed, her fair arms drooped lifeless, and her long wet tresses enveloped her as with a veil. What to the lover now was vengeance on the destroyer?—he thought only of the destroyed.

In desperation he conveyed her to the house of a medical man on the Bankside; but every effort to effect resuscitation proved abortive. The light of life was quenched; the late warm heart would throb with passion no more; and the sweet flower which had bloomed on the arid soil of a desert was plucked by death, in the spring-time of its brightness and fragrance.

The bard of Avon knelt at the tomb of the once lovely Jessy. His poetic fancy heard her gentle voice in every passing wind; and the flowers that decked her turf seemed to breathe the perfume of her sigh. In after time, when grief for her whom he had loved softened into a hallowed worship, he embalmed her memory in imperishable verse. Yes, the Jessy of Old London Bridge—and let none harshly gainsay our assertion—is the sweet Jessica in the "Merchant of Venice," and her diabolical father is the avaricious, unrelenting Shylock.

SONNET.

BY R. H. F.

For ever on the rough and stormy main,
Tost o'er the tumbling tides, as winds decree—
For ever let me rather wander free
Than roam the loveliest land, where tyrants reign.
There, not a flower that peeps above the plain,
Bird in the valley, blossom on the tree,
Or star in the sweet heaven, but seems to me
Tuneless and scentless, joyless all and vain.
Wisdom and valour fly the infected shore—
With minds enslaved can wisdom long abide?
Or valour crouch to sceptred minions' pride?
Man's heart with foul disease is blotted o'er;
Cold and corrupt, I see him passing by,—
His life one long intrigue,—his heart a lie.

RURAL LOVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF ELVAR."

THE sun from the mountain, the lark from the skies,
And the grain, ripe and golden, cry "Reapers, arise!"
The sound of the horn fills the vale all about,
And, with snood and with sickle, the maidens come out:
On the air clear and balmy, their glad song is borne,
As they move their light hands 'neath the long yellow corn.

'Tis gladsome to hearken the bees' busy hum,
'Tis joy to be wakened by trumpet and drum,
Sweet the song of the lark from the blue sky above,
Sweet the walk and the whisper with one whom we love:
And all these sounds mingle in autumn, when corn
Hangs ripe o'er the sickle and longs to be shorn.

The gray Hind comes, stooping, and binds up in bands
The ripe corn, new reaped, with his tremulous hands:
Behind, stalks the farmer, with forehead of care,—
Before, merry children with flowers in their hair.
And loveliest of all, and less lovely than sweet,
Here comes *my fair gleaner*, with dew on her feet.

The thrush on the thorn, and the lamb on the lea,
The gush of the streamlet, the song of the bee,
The joy of the farmer his stooks as he sums,
The sound of the wain as all laden it comes,
Are sweet for the list'ner, and gladsome to see,
But not half so sweet, *my fair gleaner*, as thee!

O! fair as the lily new-born to the sun,
And pure as the stream ere its journey is run,
And bright as those dreams that bring far to the south,
My green lovely hills, and gay visions of youth,
Art thou, gentle *gleaner!* Thy silence is speech,
And thy mild, modest looks of pure innocence preach!

SIR ALLAN AND HIS DOG.

"Therefore his age was as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

SHAKESPEARE.

"No, Oscar, no; your young master is deer-stalking to-day. Don't you hear the gun, which has startled Jessy so woefully? He does not want you just now, Oscar. His view, before firing that startling gun, which, woe is me! will have more than frightened the poor, pretty deer, for Allan is such a shot, that he seldom misses his aim,—his view, before he frightened Jessy, and awakened the echoes, and brought down the red deer with that sudden shot, was to creep towards them quietly and stealthily. He does not want the good hound, Oscar, to-day. Oscar must stay with his mistress." And as the lovely Agnes Macdonald spoke coaxingly these coaxing words, her small, fair hand thrown around Oscar's neck, as he stood beside her, the noble animal looked up in her face with his bright, intelligent eyes, delighting in the sweetness of the voice, comprehending, or seeming to comprehend, the meaning of the words, and acquiescing most contentedly in her decision. There was certainly no great hardship in standing at the side of Agnes Macdonald, the beautiful and the kind; and with

looks that spoke, as plainly as looks could speak, his affection and his gratitude, her honest and faithful favourite (somewhat of the largest and roughest for a lady's pet) lay down in calm and quiet happiness at her feet.

Her fair companion, the high-born and graceful Jessy Stewart, who, startled, as Agnes had truly said, at the sudden sound of Allan Macdonald's gun, had been standing in some dismay behind her friend, now that the shock was passed, advanced smilingly, and found a seat upon the bank beside her.

"How fond you are, Agnes, of that huge dog! What would the exquisites who hovered round you in London and in Paris say, if they saw you, in full dress, too,—not as I am, snooded and plaided like a Highland lassie, with your jewelled hand resting upon that shaggy head, and his long, rough body reclined upon the satin skirt! What would they say to that, 'my dainty leddy,' as old Annot is wont to call you?"

"And what matters what they say or think, Jessy?" responded the warm-hearted maiden, kindling into a dignity of youthful beauty and unconscious stateliness, pure, delicate, and graceful as the attitude of a swan upon a mountain lake, or the station of a doe amongst her native glens. "What care I for the exquisites of Paris or of London? Not half as much as for the mountain posy which you have been collecting—the harebell, and the heather-sprig, and our own elegant and abundant Scottish rose. What is the worth of a wilderness of such monkeys, compared to that of our noble, faithful Oscar? What would be the

amount of their services in a whole century, measured with those which he has rendered to us? Why, did you never hear," continued Agnes, observing the surprised look with which her friend regarded her evident excitement, "did you never hear of poor Oscar's exploits in the hard winter, five years back? No; you were in Germany at the time; and it was before Allan's attachment and your return of affection (nay, Jessy, a princess would have no cause to blush for loving such a man as my brother), it was before this affiance, so gratifying to us all, had given you a daughter's interest in the affairs of our house. If you are not afraid of a long story, I will tell you why it is that, from the oldest to the youngest, we all consider Oscar, not merely as a noble animal, but as a benefactor and a friend.

"You know the pride and delight of our family, my little sister, Jean; but you did not know the beloved and venerable relative, my dear and excellent grandfather, of whom she was, from the moment she could totter across the room, climb into his lap, and hang prattling round his neck, the prime pet and favourite. He doted upon the sturdy, hardy, merry little girl, with her joyous smile, and her joyous temper, so fearless, open, frank, and kind; and she, in her turn, idolized the fine, cheerful, benevolent old man, her most alert playmate and most indulgent friend! Oh, how they loved each other! And what a picture it was to see them together! He, at nearly eighty, still upright, robust, and vigorous in form, with a regular, oval countenance, high, noble features, hazel eyes, bright and keen as a falcon's, a mouth of feminine sweetness, a fine open forehead, a magnificent bald head, and long curling hair, as white as the

snows on Ben Nevis, contrasting with his clear, ruddy complexion, the very hue of a ripe peach. Oh, what a sight it was to see that beautiful old man, so full of health, and life, and glee, and kindliness, tossing about that rosy, laughing child with the activity of youth! never weary of humouring her pretty fancies, and going even beyond her in innocent mirth, and fun, and frolic. How Jeanie loved him! How we all loved him, the dear and venerable man! so generous and frank, so open-hearted and guileless himself, so unsuspicious of guile in others; so full of honourable thoughts and disinterested and affectionate feelings! How proud we all were of a relative, whose cheerful and venerable age accorded so well with his virtuous and active youth! The Southrons, estimating little except the conventional benefits of wealth or station, are apt to sneer at our pride of ancestry; and perhaps we may a little overvalue that mere string of names, that long roll of parchment, a pedigree; but a progenitor like Sir Allan Macdonald, or, as he preferred to be called, Kilburnie,—a living example of all that is true, and just, and honourable, and kind,—cannot be too highly appreciated. His family, his clansmen, his very countrymen, were proud of the good old man, whose sweet and genial temperament diffused gaiety and happiness around him. He was a blessing to the whole country. You will be a happy woman, Jessy, if my dear brother, the heir of his estates and his name, should (as Heaven grant he may) fulfil the promise of his youth, and inherit also the frank and winning virtues to which his grandfather owed his extensive and remarkable popularity.

"Sir Allan being a widower, and my mother a widow, she and her three children, Allan, Jeanie, and myself, lived with him at Kilburnie—Jeanie, younger than either of us by ten years, and a posthumous child, being, as I have said, his companion; whilst Oscar, then in his prime, whom my grandfather, still a keen sportsman, valued above all greyhounds for his speed (if my venerable kinsman, in his universal candour and charity, had a prejudice, it was against the sleek, high-bred, fine-limbed dogs, which form the pride of the southern courser, and Oscar had won a cup from a round dozen of competitors from Newmarket brought on purpose to oppose him), and whom Jeanie delighted in for his gamesomeness, was the constant attendant of their long rambles. In spring, summer, autumn, and winter, in every season, and in all weathers, would the active old man sally forth with the hardy little girl, sometimes holding him by the hand, or when weary, carried in his arms, and the good hound, Oscar, bounding on before them. He had an innocent pride in dropping in with Jeanie in his hand at houses at a considerable distance, particularly at the residences of his daughters and grandchildren (for his daughters, older than my father, an only son, and early married, had scattered his descendants over the country), and replying, with a chuckling glee, when questioned about horses and servants, 'that he had walked; that he left such effeminacies as coaches and flunkies to those who needed them, and was ready to dance a reel with the youngest lassie present; and it should go hard but he would tire her down: and Jeanie hersel' will keep it up with any lad of her inches; won't you,

Jeanie?' and the vaunt would end by the good old man tossing Jeanie upon his shoulder, and cutting the Highland fling to his own music. This was his delight: a ball was nothing without his presence. If you had but seen the nod and the wink, the fulness of his glee, the overflow of his good humour, his archness in suspecting, and sagacity in detecting which lad and lassie would like to come together for the dance; ay, and sometimes for longer than the dance! How he would reconcile old feuds, and cement new friendships; ay, and how he would use the influence of age, and character, and property, even to the very stretch of his interest, to smooth difficulties, and turn dim and distant wishes into present realities! Many a hopeful youth has owed his prosperity, and many a gentle maiden her happiness, to the unwearied benevolence of the kind and merry Sir Allan.

"One Christmas he went to Glenmore, accompanied, as usual, by Jeanie and Oscar, to keep the birthday of his favourite daughter, Lady Macleod. My brother was detained at home by a slight indisposition; and the weather was so severe, that my mother, always delicate, was afraid to venture, I myself being too young for parties of any kind. Sir Allan had fixed to return on New Year's Eve, the succeeding day being always one of high festivity at Kilburnie, the servants and neighbours dining in the great hall, and the whole castle being alive with feasting and jollity. It was an occasion on which we felt that he would be very unwilling to absent himself, and yet the day fixed for his return was so tremendous, that we took for granted

Lady Macleod would detain her honoured guest at Glenmore. Snow had fallen during the whole of the preceding night, accompanied by a drifting wind, so that to send carriages and horses was impracticable. Every vestige of the road, a wild mountain-track at the best, was impassable, or my brother would have gone, under pretence of fetching Jeanie; for we all knew well, that the only shade that ever crossed the brightness of our dear grandfather's countenance, was occasioned by his suspicion of being taken care of,—an affront which the hardy sportsman would have regarded with as much jealousy and displeasure as would be evinced by a veteran of the wars at any precaution that should imply a doubt of his personal prowess. This consideration alone deterred my brother from setting forth to Glenmore in person; and, as the day grew wilder and wilder (all around—hill, plain, and valley—covered with a sheet of fragile, glittering white, with scarcely an hour's intermission of incessant snowfall), and the night closed in with bitter gusts of wind, which blew the frozen and feathery particles against the face with blinding violence, even my mother, a nervous and timorous woman, with a revered parent and a beloved child at stake, made up her mind to believe that, as it was evidently impossible that the expected guests would reach Kilburnie Castle on the morrow, its master would be content to remain where he was. Weather less formidable, so that it might have afforded some chance of his finding the road, or some probability of the arrival of his guests the next day, would have been more alarming. To have stirred out in

such a fall as this seemed impossible. So we went to bed in comfort.

"About an hour after midnight we were awakened by a tremendous noise at the gate of the castle, a mixture of scratching and howling. Upon opening the door, it was found to be our friend, Oscar, who, instantly singling out my brother, leaped upon him with a piteous cry, and then went on a little way beyond the gate, returning to see if Allan (who delayed a few minutes to furnish himself with a lantern, and men with hurdles, mattrasses, and ropes), was following him. He pulled him by the coat-skirts with the most urgent whine, wagging his tail when he began to move, and enticing him forward by every means in his power. Oh, I shall never forget the poor dog's piteous ways, his trembling earnestness, his eager looks, and the expression of his anxious cry—no human voice could have conveyed his meaning more distinctly. Never shall I forget that moment, nor the hour of agonizing suspense that followed."

"They were saved?" inquired Jessy, anxiously, breaking silence for the first time.

"Oscar led his party to a hollow by the hill-side, about three miles distant; and there the venerable old man was found leaning against the rock in a half-recumbent posture, so as to shelter the child, who was clasped to his bosom. The snow was gathering around them. Sleep had crept upon both, and, in another hour, all help would have been unavailing."

"But they *were* saved?" again inquired Jessy.

"Thanks to Oscar's fidelity and intelligence, they were. By proper care, they both recovered sufficiently to dance at the postponed festival on Old New Year's Day. Our dear grandfather lived in health and happiness until last year, just before we had the happiness of renewing our friendship with your family; and Jeanie is, you know, as lively and as lifelike a little personage as treads this most excellent earth. And now, my dearest Jessy, do you wonder that Oscar—look at him, poor fellow, he knows that we are talking of him!—Do you wonder that this noble and sagacious animal should be my pet?"

SONNET.

BY WALTER PRIDEAUX.

Too soon—too soon—those young affections die,
  Which are of youth the natural heritage;
  As time moves on, and the cold hand of age
Imparts a sad experience to the eye,
Those dreamy spells of joy dissolve which lie
  Around us ere the world hath made us sage.—
  Alas! we drink a poison to assuage
The thirst of youth,—then, with satiety
O'ercome, we fling the deadly cup away;
  The poisonous flood hath quenched the burning bright
Of early love, and flows through withered veins,
Where youth's quick pulse once beat with amorous play:
  We trim the shattered lamp's expiring light,
And mourn o'er beauty's perishing remains.

FATA MORGANA.

FATA MORGANA.

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

THE strange and startling appearance seized upon so happily, and so ably handled by the artist, in the picture which furnishes the text of these remarks, may—indeed, must be classed among those atmospheric phenomena known under the title of *Fata Morgana.*

A young noble and his bride are seated by an embrasure on a turret of an Alpine castle, overlooking a neighbouring mountain gorge. The interview appears to be a hurried one, for the attitude of the hero, though suddenly changed by a new and strong emotion, seems plainly to have been that of leave-taking; curiosity and alarm having failed to remove entirely from the features the traces of sorrow and deep tenderness which brave men feel when sacrificing home and the immediate protection of those they love, to the imperative claims of public duty.

The costume speaks of an age and country prone to superstition; and, perhaps, just at the moment when the wife is urging her most intense forebodings of coming evil to the warrior just entering on a doubtful expedition, she starts and clasps her hands. Led by her eye, he also turns; and there, upon the mountain mist, both see portrayed the semblance of two beings, their own counterparts, but stand-

ing, like disembodied spirits, upon the impalpable air on the brink of an abyss. The unconscious motions of surprise at first, and then, perhaps, of superstitious awe, are repeated by these mysterious beings, and it may be inferred that the first breath of the breeze that sweeps through the gorge, or even their own cry of terror, will disturb the nice equilibrium of the atmosphere on which the picture depends, dissipate the phantasm, and leave behind nothing but the heart-harrowing impression of the omen.

We cannot be surprised that in a world where such scenes do actually occur, ignorance and youthful marvellousness should people the valleys and mountains and the darkness of night with ideal beings, and tremble at the creations of their own fancy. It would be easy, then, to weave a tale of romantic horror around this picture; but we prefer, at present, a brief explanation of the *Fata Morgana*, some of the varieties of which are the probable causes of certain apparitions that have led even well-informed persons into an absurd faith in the supernatural.

The now well-known spectre of the Brocken, a gigantic image of a man, seen from an Alpine summit, and apparently standing upon another in the distance, striding like a huge Colossus over miles of the rocky territory at a step, and gesticulating with its fearful limbs, in mockery of the hunter of the Hartz—an object of superstitious terror to the rude peasantry of the region—is, in fact, the mere shadow of the spectator himself, cast upon the evening mists capping the distant peaks, and filling the mountain gorges. The light of the setting sun glancing upon some neighbour-

ing surface, and the rays reflected thence, as from a lamp, upon the person of the observer, produce a shadow that continually enlarges as it retreats from the eye. This is invisible or nearly so, where it passes through the clear air, but when projected upon the partially illuminated vapour in the distance, it assumes the character of a picture, which, seemingly endowed with life, imitates every motion of the awe-struck traveller.

The scene represented in the acompanying plate, so far as it is true to nature, is of a similar origin, though in this case it would appear that the shadows are formed by the direct light of the sun, and projected without enlargement upon a thin bank of mist, in unusually close proximity to the group. The artist, however, has availed himself of a painter's license, in beautifying nature to the fullest extent; for, instead of representing the mysterious figures as shadows, he has drawn them as reflections, and has converted the mist into a mirror, casting back upon the eye not only the outlines but *the features* of the actors! Now, although it is not impossible, for reasons that will be presently stated, that surfaces of air, like those of water, may give back at least a faint reflection, somewhat in the manner of a looking-glass, this cannot be the case under the circumstances of this picture; for, transparent surfaces give passage to almost all the light which strikes on them directly, while they admit but a small portion of that which glances very obliquely upon them. If, then, a perfect image of an object be ever formed by reflection from an aerial surface, it cannot be visible from the point at which the object is placed,

though it may be seen by an observer standing at a considerable distance on either side.

Every well-instructed schoolboy knows that the rays of light, in passing obliquely through the atmosphere—which, in general, varies regularly in density as we approach or recede from the surface of the earth or sea,—is gradually curved, so that when it enters the eye it passes in a direction very different from that which it pursues when it first leaves a distant object. Thus; when we look at a star near the horizon, we see it not in its real place, but in a position considerably more elevated. So, also, most persons are aware that when a ray passes obliquely and suddenly from any transparent medium into another of decidedly different density, it is suddenly bent at an angle. Thus; in looking through a window, we see nothing without in *exactly* its true place, unless it is directly in front of the glass. These changes are beautifully exemplified by the appearance of objects seen through the air that hovers over a heated stove, and which is constantly varying in density as it rises in successive layers or strata, that are curved and twisted into every variety of shape, by the ascending currents. The rays by which we perceive anything through such a medium are perpetually changing their direction, so that the objects beyond appear to dance and waver before us.

Many are not aware, however, that when transparent strata of different densities lie one upon another, the oblique rays passing through them are always partly reflected, both when they enter and when they leave the surface of each layer; so that real, though, it may be, faint

images are formed, as in a mirror, by each successive layer, and may be seen by an observer placed in the right position.

To test this last-named phenomenon, place the flame of a candle near the eye of a friend, a little towards one side, and look into the eye in an opposite direction. You will immediately perceive several images of the flame reflected from the different membranes seated at various depths within the eye; and surgeons are frequently able to detect diseases in particular membranes by this means, when no other method is available; for, when any membrane is clouded, the reflection from it is rendered stronger, and the figure of the flame at that surface becomes preternaturally vivid, while all those beyond it are proportionally obscured.

Now, the layers of air heated in different degrees by the stove, may be compared to so many transparent membranes lying one upon another, and at their points of conjunction, they partially reflect the oblique rays of light that attempt to pass through them; and thus these surfaces actually become visible, producing the wavy lines in the air, which all must have observed. Sometimes, indeed, the images of particles of dust and motes upon the stove are faintly seen for a moment upon the airy and ever-changing mirrors of which we speak.

But all these changes in the direction of light are frequently produced upon a great scale, in the atmosphere, by the heat of the sun and the effects of partial evaporation. The air on the surface of vast plains often becomes warmed and rarefied to a much greater degree than that which lies immediately above it, and yet, for some time, if it be not

agitated by a breeze, it may not ascend through the heavier superstratum. Then, again, on rivers, lakes, and the ocean, the watery vapour mingles with the heavier atmosphere, to a certain height, and thus the lower portion becomes for a time the less dense. Whenever we see a cloud that is quite flat both above and beneath, we know that a layer of damp air is there passing between two strata that are much drier, and hence, that the rays of light descending through them must be at least twice accidentally bent at a sudden angle, in addition to the regular curve which they receive by the operation of the general law of the atmosphere. How incalculable, then, must be the changes of form and place which objects may undergo, by means of reflection alone!—how infinitely greater in number and character the variety when plains of air of various shapes and positions are converted, by differences of density, into actual mirrors, reflecting real images, and the whole recomplicated with shadows like those of the Brocken and our plate,—some gigantic, some diminished, some distorted, and some of the natural size!

Now, all these phenomena are occasionally witnessed, on a scale of grandeur and in circumstances so curious, that the uninstructed may be well excused for looking upon the scene as supernatural and ominous. To this cause we may attribute the false suns, false moons, and glorious halos, that have sometimes frightened nations and armies from their propriety; and one noble example of which was so recently exhibited in Michigan and Wisconsin, when three distinct Apollos seemed to dispute the empire of the sky,

and wheeled, at the same moment, their several chariots over the eastern goal. To this cause we owe the apparent lifting up of the shores of our own rivers, as we gaze at objects in the distance, on a damp, still morning in spring or autumn, when trees, and hills, and buildings, appear to stand upon a silvery pedestal of emptiness. The same cause, acting upon the wide expanse of a desert, elevates to view the far-off sands,—undistinguishable by distance, from a watery plain,—and cheats the dying wanderer with the semblance of a lake.

The simplest examples of this last effect (which is termed by mariners the "looming"), when it is increased beyond the ordinary extent that may be noticed by the careful observer who makes a journey in a steamboat on almost any summer day, are witnessed most frequently in polar seas. Mountains, ships, and icebergs far below the horizon, are sometimes suddenly presented to view, hanging aloft in upper air. The same cause, acting on land, brings clearly before us towers, castles, and cities far beyond the ordinary range of sight. It may happen, from the action of several strata of different densities, that certain rays from the top of an object become so much refracted as actually to cross those coming to the eye from the bottom of the same figure; and then the object is not only lifted up, but reversed, like the image in the telescope; or both modes of vision may take place at the same moment, and in various ways; so that, instead of a single ship or tower, many are seen at the same time, suspended in various attitudes and at various heights above the plain; yet all are

derived from the same object, which is seen not as a mere reflection, but as an actual existence, though multiplied by this strange optical deception.

But it is where perpendicular, as well as horizontal masses of air, of different densities (ascending and descending currents), combine with actual reflections from their various surfaces, and, perhaps, with Brocken shadows also, painted upon the sirocco-like mists of the desert, that we see the most astounding examples of the true *Fata Morgana*, the wild sports of the veritable *Morgan la Faye*. A few stones happily placed upon an arid plain or by the margin of the sea, with here and there a tree or stunted shrub, and a few scattered travellers, are seized upon by the airy sprite; they are multiplied by reflection, combined by refraction, and complicated by mystic shadows, until, from these humble elements, the astonished wanderer sees arise towers, domes, and palaces, groves, lakes, and rivers,—armies upon the march, and charging cavalry—upon a scale that beggars Martin's pencil, and almost leads us to doubt the reality of material things; or, if too well instructed for such error, makes us charitable towards the folly that believes in witchcraft and in apparitions.

The poet, the painter, and the novelist are architects of the *Fata Morgana* of the mind;—let them beware that their images of transcendental grandeur and beauty, are such as tend to lead us towards the truth of Nature,—not towards the enervating influence of vice and superstition!

THE BATH.

Little urchin, shivering there,
From thy plunge beneath the water,
What avails thy mother's care?
Wisely smiles her pretty daughter!

Wherefore "gild refined gold?"
Wherefore vainly "paint the lily?"
If the simple truth be told,
I must hold the labour silly!

Such as thou are always pure,
Be the outside ne'er so muddy;
Hard, I ween, 'tis to endure
Towels harsh to make thee ruddy!

Air and exercise for health
Answer, without plunge and sputter;
Thou wert happier if, by stealth,
Making dirt-pies in the gutter.

Many a memory brings to mind
How I, also, used to suffer
By the care of friends too kind,
Till time made me rather tougher.

Yes, 'tis folly, all their power,
Though they think themselves so clever;
For, in less than half an hour,
Thou'lt be dirtier than ever!

THE BETROTHED.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF MARIA THERESA.

THE empress and her daughter stood together: alike, singularly alike, as they were in height, in the same high, finely cut features, the same clear blue eyes, the same fair Saxon complexion, yet the likeness, which seemed so strong at the first look, became almost a contrast as that look was prolonged into observation. It was not the difference of age, for the mother's eye was as bright, and her cheek as rich in colour as her daughter's; but the sweetness which was in Maria Theresa's smile only, was in every line of the Archduchess's face. The azure depths of the eyes, in the one, mirrored every thought and every feeling; those of the other expressed but what they chose should appear. Each had the same fair broad forehead; but in the elder one a slight contraction of the brow had become habitual. Both stepped with the stately bearing of a noble race; but Maria Theresa moved as if over the neck of a prostrate world, while Josepha seemed as if she would have turned aside rather than crush the meanest worm on her path. Both were splendidly dressed—the young princess as a bride; the diamond tiara was surmounted by a chaplet of orange flowers, the white velvet train embroidered with pearls, and

a veil of silver tissue fell almost to her feet. The bright and gay appearance of the youthful Archduchess was little in unison with the rest of the scene. The huge and dark chamber was hung with crimson damask worked with gold; but the gold had been long tarnished, and the brilliancy had passed away from the crimson. Portraits in massive frames, the gilding as dim as the colours, covered the walls. Most of them were garbed in black velvet, according to the Spanish taste, and the heavy brow and thick lip all bespoke their Austrian descent. At the upper end of the room was a purple canopy which had been raised over a temporary altar: towards this the Empress led her daughter, and the shadow of the canopy fell dark upon the young bride. A small group gathered round—staid, grave-looking men—who, whatever of fierce passion might be in the heart, had long banished all betrayal of it from the face. The face of the Emperor, who, till summoned to give his daughter's hand, stood in the background, was the only one that had aught of the expression of humanity—and that expression was only of its weakness. But where was the bridegroom? Miles and miles away. The royal lover woos by an envoy and wins by a treaty. In his place, his ambassador stood forth—an aged nobleman, who, having spent a whole life in the observance of forms, held them to be the highest attributes of human nature.

The ceremony proceeded, and, at its close, the ambassador dropped on his knee and kissed the hand of the Duchess of Parma. Josepha turned, and would have knelt to her mother, but this the Empress prevented, and, folding her

in her arms, pressed her lips to her brow, and wished her many years of happiness. Very ungracefully, but very affectionately, the Emperor pressed forward; by this time he had forgotten all the advantages of the alliance, and everything but that he was about to lose his favourite child. Maria Theresa evidently endured this display very impatiently; her husband met her eye, and—with that species of experience which must be peculiarly adapted to fools, for it is they who are said to learn by it—read its meaning, and shrunk back into silence and himself. The Marquis di Placentia now gave a signal to an attendant, and a page stepped forward with a casket; its contents the ambassador again knelt to offer to his new sovereign. It was the portrait of the Duke of Parma, fastened to a chain of brilliants. The Empress herself took the picture, and placed it round her daughter's neck.

A collation was spread in the adjoining room, and thither the party adjourned. Many others of the court were now admitted to offer their congratulation, and it was late in the day before the Duchess of Parma could be permitted to retire. Weary with fatigue, and oppressed by heat, Josepha gladly withdrew to her own chamber. Summoning her attendants, she hastened to put off her cumbrous dress.

"I will put on my canoness robe," said the Duchess; a costume frequently worn both by herself and sisters.

"Nay," exclaimed Pauline, a favourite attendant, "not black upon your wedding-day, it is so very unlucky!"

The princess persisted, and, after helping her on with the loose black silk robe, at her command Pauline withdrew.

Josepha seated herself by the open casement, and for the first time gazed on the miniature she wore. The Duke's face was one of uncommon beauty and intelligence; the softness of the enamel, and the skill of the painter might have added something to the beauty, but you felt the expression was copied, not given. The bride felt a sense of happiness and security steal over her as she watched the open and kindly meaning of the eyes, that seemed to answer to her own. Perhaps, too, the outward influences of the lovely evening-time might give something of their own soothing sweetness. The air came through the window with the odours of the garden below, and the freshness of the dews above—for the heat was melting in a gentle rain. Suddenly a strain of music floated upon the air; it was from a band belonging to the palace, and they played a slow and beautiful Italian air. There were words belonging to the song—Josepha knew them—they spoke of passionate and happy love; she blushed as she glanced at the portrait, and then leaned back, half to listen to the distant tones, and half to dream of the future, as the young dream when hope prophesies by the imagination. She was yet lost in fantasies so vivid that truth itself seemed not so actual, when the door of her apartment slowly opened, and she started from her seat in wonder to see the Empress. Maria Theresa was cold and haughty in her general manner; one, too, who brooked not that her will should meet with question, much less opposition; little marvel was it, therefore, that her child rose with an attitude rather of deference than of affection. But her mother's manner was kind even to softness; and when Jose-

pha drew forward the large arm-chair, she refused it, and, gently taking her daughter's hand, placed herself too in the window-seat.

"Those books are Italian, and the music I hear in the distance is Italian. Ah, my child, even now you are striving to forget us! Alas! our station too much separates those gentler ties which, in lowlier life, bind so closely! How often must I, even to you, my own beloved girl, have seemed stern and severe; for I know a life of anxiety and struggle leaves its own harshness behind. But when, Josepha, in another country you think of your mother, remember with what difficulties that mother has had to contend."

Josepha's only answer was to catch the hand, now placed caressingly amid her beautiful hair, and to cover it with kisses, ay, and also tears.

"A parting like ours," resumed the Empress, "is like one beside the grave; let it be in all love and charity. Forgive me, my child, if aught of reproach you have against your mother."

The Duchess flung herself at Maria Theresa's feet. "Nay, forgive me, my beloved and revered parent, if ever the petulance of my age has caused me to forget the love and duty I owed! Bless me, my mother!"

"God bless you, my beloved Josepha!" said the Empress tenderly and solemnly.

The pause of feeling in both was broken by Maria Theresa looking at the miniature of the Duke of Parma.

"I like the expression of this face—it agrees with what

I have heard of his character; and yet, when I think of the distance which will be between, I seem to dread thus trusting your happiness beyond my control. As yet, you know so little the dangers and the difficulties of a position like yours."

"But, my mother," said the Duchess, "surely I might be aided by your knowledge."

"The young submit not willingly to be guided by the old. Youth has but a half experience—it has seen but the bright side, and makes no allowance for the coming shadows. How often have I known the sage counsels which would have averted danger treated not only with indifference but even scorn!"

"But not by me," exclaimed her hearer earnestly; "your words will be treasured in my heart like gold."

"My dearest Josepha, I doubt your will to obey as little as I do your love; but I fear the natural thoughtlessness of youth. I could almost now regret that an unwillingness to weigh down the bright brief period of your life has prevented my depressing your young spirits by ever communicating the weight on my own mind. I have been over prudent. I fear you are ill fitted to meet all the exigencies of your novel situation. Beautiful, and with a mind like yours (I have observed its powers, Josepha, more than you may deem), your influence over your husband must be—will be —absolute. Think not, dearest child, that I undervalue your desire to know and follow the right; but oh, that I could give you some of my experience!"

"Can you not, dear mother and sovereign? You know not how reverentially I should hear, and how carefully I should follow, your advice!"

This was the very point to which the Empress wished to bring her daughter. First kissing the beautiful face which was bent towards her in the earnestness of entreaty, she began speaking. Her natural gifts of persuasion were great; her voice mingled sweetness and firmness; and her smile—it was that for whose sake the gallant chivalry of Hungary swore to die. At first her listener seemed to yield the most earnest and confiding attention; gradually the eloquent countenance of the Duchess changed to surprise, wonder, doubt, and finally to almost indignation.

"Say no more!" exclaimed Josepha, throwing herself at the Empress's feet: "register every act, penetrate into every thought of my husband's, to give prompt intelligence of them to the court of Austria!—seek affection the better to betray it! Is this—can this—be my duty to my husband, or my love—"

"Nay," interrupted her mother, repressing the indignation already darkening in her eyes, "I was not prepared for this burst of romance."

"Madam," said the Duchess, slowly rising from her knee, "the task of a spy is no task for your daughter."

Her figure was drawn to its utmost height; her brow was contracted; the likeness between herself and her mother was stronger than ever, and in that likeness Maria Theresa saw an end to her well-laid scheme of making the bride of the Duke of Parma a tool in her hands.

"Truly," said she, with a scornful smile; "this ducal coronet has turned your head. Wilful and disobedient! We speak on this subject no more."

"Not in anger, my mother," exclaimed Josepha, striving to detain her, "not in anger must you part from me!"

Coldly the Empress disengaged her hand: their eyes met —and the young princess staggered back, at the stern and deadly resentment in the pale face of Maria Theresa, and sank on the window-seat.

"It is broken!" said Josepha faintly, as the chain to which hung the portrait of the Duke of Parma, fell in glittering fragments at her side. It had caught to the Empress's dress, and was shattered. The young Duchess leaned against the casement and wept.

To the young it is a very bitter pang to know that their best feelings have been excited merely to be worked upon; but sorrow and shame were soon merged in a vague and terrible fear. The evening came on, and deepened into night. Still, amid the shadows did Josepha fancy she could see the threatening brow of the Empress, pale with anger. Solitude became insupportable, and she called her attendants. But human faces and human voices, the cheerfulness of the lights, or even her favourite Pauline's bird-like song, were of no avail against the terror which every moment seemed to weigh more heavily on her spirits. With hurried and yet timid steps, starting, though she knew not why, at the least noise, Josepha began to pace the room. A low rap at the door interrupted her walk, and the confessor of the Empress entered the apartment. Martini's features

were chiselled with the perfection of sculpture, and his high brow bore the impress of mental power and thought far beyond his years, which were yet in their summer; his step was soft and humble—his voice low and sweet; yet fear was the sensation he always inspired. No one ever met his cold and cruel eye—so calm, so colourless—without saying, "That man delights in human misery!"

He approached the Duchess, and said, as he looked at her black dress, "I rejoice to see, my daughter, you have not waited for me to remind you of the pious duty to-night calls upon you to fulfil."

"What do you mean, father?" said the princess faintly; "I changed my dress on account of the heat."

"I had hoped, my daughter, it was in voluntary humiliation; ill do the gay robes of the bride suit with the meek prayers to be offered in the presence of the dead."

"I pray you to speak your meaning at once!" and Josepha grew pale as marble.

"Your royal highness knows it is your turn to watch and pray by the tomb of the Archduchess Caroline."

Josepha sank fainting against the wainscot of the room.

"The Empress will never permit it," cried Pauline, as she sprung to support her mistress; "why, we all know that the Archduchess died of small-pox, and not a creature will enter the chapel."

"I have her grace's commands, who wills that so pious a duty be not neglected. I am sent by her even now to conduct the Duchess of Parma to pay the last duty to her illustrious house."

"Your father—appeal to him," whispered the girl; "but I know that will be of no avail. I conjure you, see your mother yourself!"

"I have seen her," said the Duchess; "we parted just now."

Pauline hid her face in her hands.

"I wait your highness's pleasure to conduct you to the chapel."

Josepha rose and prepared to follow.

"I will go with you. At night and alone—it is too terrible!" said the affectionate girl.

"Her highness's vigil must be solitary; thus it has ever been!" replied the priest.

Josepha descended to the chapel; her attendants accompanied her to the door: as it opened, it showed the thick, hot atmosphere, through which the dim tapers seemed scarcely able to penetrate. The Duchess turned round and embraced Pauline, and entered the chapel, They saw her kneel before the altar, and the doors were closed. Late in the night was it before the royal council broke up; then, not till then, did Pauline succeed in conveying the intelligence to the Emperor that his favourite daughter had passed the night beside the infectious tomb of her cousin. He rushed himself to the chapel; and there was the Duchess as they had left her—kneeling before the altar, and her face bowed in prayer. She had fallen a little forward, so that the steps supported her. They spoke—but she answered not; they raised her in their arms—but found she was dead.

THE DAUGHTER.

THE DAUGHTER.

"REALLY, Pa," said Emily to her father, "you should not refuse to hear them; I am too young to decide for myself!"

"Very true, my daughter," he replied, "too young to think of such things yet. Why, child! you are scarce seventeen!"

"But if I were too young to think of them, dear Papa, I should not think of consulting you about them, you know."

"Very true! But, my time is somewhat valuable; how many of them have you?"

"Oh, la! there are seven or eight at least!"

"And do you not know *exactly* how many?"

"No! Let me see! There's Charles Delancy, and there's John Thompson, and Peter Williams, and—and—but I'll run and bring them all."

"Do, my dear! And if there are not too many, I will hear them all."

Away ran Emily, and presently returned with a bundle of letters in her hand. She seated herself hastily by the side of her father, and unfolding one epistle after the other, read them aloud, concluding the reading of each with the quære: "Any objection, Papa?" to which her father gave

smilingly at first, the equally invariable answer, "None whatever, my child."

On the reading of the sixth epistle, he began to look grave—the seventh produced a slight frown—the eighth caused him to turn fairly away from the sheet of parchment on which he had previously endeavoured to fix a moiety of his attention, in spite of the glowing language of the billets. He folded his hands, leaned over the near arm of his study-chair, slightly projected his under lip, and assumed an appearance of enforced and very unwilling attention. The ninth was endured with tolerable patience; but the tenth, proving rather a long one, and somewhat more exquisitely silly withal, completely overcame his equanimity. He interrupted it, in mid career, with this exclamation:

"Good gracious, Emily! that will do! But can you not perceive that there is nothing definite or serious in all this complimentary nonsense?"

"Ah!—but, Papa, I know very well what they mean, and they will all speak plainly enough before long; and then, what shall I do?"

"Have you no choice?"

"Indeed, I hardly know!"

"Well, well, child! I have not the slightest objection to any of them; so, take a little time to make up your own mind, and let me know the result. There, you may go now! I am very busy."

"Heavens! the precocity of our American children!" he exclaimed, as Emily withdrew; "how can a man of business ever bring up a daughter without a mother, now-a-days?

If I were to object to either one of these silly puppies, she would fall in love with him on the instant; but when she is really smitten, her father will be the very last person she will consult! I shall then have to dig out the truth from beneath a whole pyramid of inexplicable blushes, sighs, and tears; there is no danger yet, and, to prevent accidents, she shall back to boarding-school to-morrow!"

THE NOVICE.

A TRUE STORY.

THE events which I am about to relate took place at Paris in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth; all excepting the names, or rather titles of the parties, for their first names are those which actually belonged to the actors of the drama, being literally true.

The Count de Villeroi, a noble of high descent and great feudal possessions, had an only daughter, Henriette, who almost in her childhood evinced so decided a vocation for a conventual life, that before attaining the age of sixteen she entered upon her noviciate in the convent in which she had been educated. Returning home in consequence of a severe illness a few months after, she met at her father's chateau, Adrien, Viscount de Mornay, a young man, her equal in birth, fortune, and endowments; a mutual attachment ensued, and they were on the point of marriage, when M. de Villeroi died, leaving his daughter under the guardianship of his only sister, the Marquise de Chamillart.

This lady, still young enough for coquetry, had unfortunately imbibed an attachment for De Mornay, and in re-

venge for his neglect of her charms, resolved to separate the lovers; an opportunity for which purpose unluckily offered itself in his being appointed secretary to an embassy at the court of St. Petersburgh.

The Marquise immediately placed her niece at the royal Abbey of Panthemont, Rue de Grenelle, in Paris; the abbess of which convent was nearly connected with her family, and joined her heartily in endeavouring to induce the fair novice to increase the already large number of illustrious ladies of the house of Villeroi, who had attained to the highest honours of the church.

The Marquise adopted the further precaution of sending to the Abbey of Panthemont, partly as companion, partly as attendant upon her niece, a tenant's daughter, Eugenie Latour, whose vocation for a religious life she well knew, promising that if she succeeded in inducing Henriette to take the veil, she would herself furnish the money required for her entering the same convent. In addition to this, anonymous letters were dropped by unknown hands into the apartment of the fair maiden, announcing that Adrien was on the point of marriage to a Russian princess, and the Marquise showed communications addressed to herself to the same effect; so that poor Henriette, hearing nothing from her false lover, and assailed on every side by persuasions and arguments in favour of a religious life, was at last driven to resume the dress and duties of a novice, and to announce her intention of becoming a nun as soon as the requisite forms could be undergone.

Although, however, the Marquise had to a certain point succeeded in her end, one of the means which she employed had completely failed her. Eugenie Latour, an affectionate, honest-hearted girl, had, with the quick sympathy of youth towards youth, become unfeignedly attached to her young lady, and seeing at once, and the more strongly from her own deeply-seated religious feelings, that poor Henriette's vocation was the result rather of disappointed love than of devotion, and mistrusting most justly the good faith of the Marquise, who seemed, to her simplicity, to be taking too much pains to establish that which, if true, would not have needed such reiterated proofs, suddenly demanded her dismissal and her wages, and set forth from the Rue de Grenelle, determined, if possible, to get to the speech of the Viscount de Mornay.

Whether her pilgrimage might not have conducted her to St. Petersburgh, there is no saying, had she not luckily bethought herself of repairing to the hotel of the nobleman in whose suite Adrien had revisited the court of the Czar, where she immediately ascertained that the secretary of the embassy had been unable to encounter the severity of the climate, and had been sent under medical advice to his chateau near Lyons.

Thither the faithful girl repaired; husbanding, as best she could, her own small means, and performing, partly on foot and partly by the aid of good-natured travellers, a journey whose duration and difficulty can hardly be adequately estimated in these days of steamboats and railways.

She found the Viscount de Mornay, as she expected, sick rather of grief than of disease. A similar system of deceit had been practised with respect to him, and he, when Eugenie made her appearance in his apartment, fully believed that Mademoiselle de Villeroi, to whom he had written repeatedly without receiving any answer (letters which the Marquise had taken good care should never reach the convent), had already taken the veil.

The tidings which his unexpected visiter had to tell gave him fresh life. He immediately despatched her to the Princess Potocka, the Russian wife of a Polish nobleman, and the friend in Paris upon whose aid he most confidently relied, and proposed following himself as speedily as his health would permit.

Eugenie arrived at the Hotel Potocka on the very eve of the profession. The fourteenth of March was the fatal time, and this was late on the evening—evening do I say? —before the necessary explanations had taken place it was deep in the night, of the thirteenth; and the Princess, as her only chance, resolved to set forth at once on her search for the Archbishop.

The Archbishop was, however, nowhere to be found. All that she could learn from the drowsy Swiss porters of the palace was, that he was either in retirement at the seminary of Saint Magloise, or he was gone to pass the fête of St. Bruno with the holy fathers of the Chartreux in the Rue d'Enfer, or he was resting himself at his country house at Conflairs sur Seine!

Baffled and disappointed, the Princess drove back to her hotel. She retired to rest after giving Eugenie to the care of her attendant. But as her love of justice, her hatred of perfidy, and her affectionate pity for its amiable and innocent victims, made it impossible for her to sleep, while any means to prevent the meditated injury was as yet untried, at seven o'clock Eugenie was summoned to the carriage, and they drove to the Abbey. "Let me see the Abbess as soon as possible," was the message sent. The answer, as might be expected, was a positive refusal. The Abbess was obliged to be in office at that hour in the church. She then asked if she might not be permitted to enter the convent, to reveal something to her of the greatest importance.

The reply was, "By no means, except by permission of the Archbishop of Paris." And now, almost in despair, the Princess re-entered her carriage, and established herself at the door of the church, *there to await* the arrival of the prelate.

The clock had struck *eleven*, when one of the servants of the Princess forced his way to her carriage. "Madame," said he, hastily, "the Archbishop entered by the cloister door; he is already at the altar, and the ceremony is going to begin."

The Princess and Eugenie shuddered when they heard this intelligence; but recovering her presence of mind, the Princess wrote a few lines on her tablets, and then ordered her valet to make way for them through the crowd, and conduct her to the sacristy without losing a moment; giving

Eugenie, meanwhile, to the care of another servant, desiring him to see her safely seated in the church.

Never had a more brilliant assembly of royalty, nobility, and persons of varied claims to distinction, been gathered together on such an occasion. The pride of the aunt had led her to make the ceremony of her niece's profession as imposing and dignified as possible.

Ill did her sparkling dress, however, accord with the deadly whiteness of her cheek and the languor of her countenance, as she awaited with the firmness of despair the opening of the gates of the choir.

As she rose from her knees a sort of loud murmuring was heard at the bottom of the church amongst the servants in livery. "Turn those footmen out!" cried a nobleman, in a very loud voice; but they were already departing unbidden, for they were bearing out a young man who had fainted, but was recovering and struggling to remain where he was. This circumstance drew Henriette's attention to the spot, just as her aunt was leading her to kneel before the observant prelate. She saw, she recognised her lover in the now passive youth whom they were bearing away, and who uttered an "Oh Dieu!" which thrilled to her very soul; but the angry pressure of her arm by her enraged and alarmed relation recalled her to herself. What an expression of interest, love, anxiety, and agony, beamed from her glistening eye, as she turned to kneel at the feet of the Archbishop! But when *there*, when the awful moment was *really come*, she felt that the ceremony must go on, though she should be a wretch for life. Neither that

look of agony, nor that of humble resignation which succeeded, was lost on the benevolent prelate, who was holding in his hand tablets enamelled in gold.

"Sister," said he, in the kindest, gentlest tone, "what is your age?"

"She is nineteen," cried her aunt.

"You will have to answer me, Madame, by and by," replied the Archbishop; and he put the same question to Henriette again.

"I am just turned seventeen," faltered out the blushing novice.

"In what diocese did you receive the white veil?"

"In the diocese of Toul."

"How! in the diocese of Toul?" exclaimed the Archbishop, in a very loud voice. "The see of Toul is void,—the Bishop of Toul has been dead fifteen months, and no one there can be authorized to receive novices. Your noviciate is null and void, young lady! and we refuse to receive your profession."

He then rose from his seat, assumed his mitre, took his crosier from the hands of an acolyte, and said, addressing the assembly,—"My very dear brethren, there is no necessity for us to examine and interrogate this young lady on the sincerity of her religious vocation. There is at present a canonical obstacle to her profession. As to any future impediments, we reserve to ourselves the means to ascertain whether any such exist. In the meanwhile I forbid any other ecclesiastic whatever to assume the power of accepting her vows, on pain of interdiction, suspension, and nullity,

and this in virtue of our metropolitan rights, according to the Bull cum proximus !"

When he had pronounced these words, a sound, as of approbation, was heard from many parts of the building, but the prelate instantly sung, in a grave and solemn voice, "Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini ;" and, turning to the altar, he proceeded to give the benediction of the Holy Sacrament, while Henriette, scarcely able to support herself, was led to the nearest seat, where she hid her face in her hands to conceal her varied emotions, among which thankfulness was predominant.

Meanwhile, though the considerate prelate, in order to avoid a public exposure of the nefarious proceedings of the Marquise, that he might not disgrace a noble family, had taken advantage of a violation of forms to annul the ceremony, that lady found herself so despised and avoided in the circles in which she had hitherto moved, that she was forced to quit Paris ; and, on pretence of illness, she set out to travel in a foreign land. And in a *happy marriage* terminated this *Romance of Real Life.*

SONNET.

A PICTURE.

BY WALTER PRIDEAUX.

Beside the cradle of her infant kneeling,
Watching its slumbers with an anxious eye,
A young and beauteous mother heaved a sigh;
Down her pale cheek a few bright tears were stealing,
And lifting upwards to the azure sky
Her face, reflecting the pure light of love,
She raised her fervent voice to the Most High,
Humbly beseeching blessings from above,
In this, the simple language of her prayer:
"Oh, Thou! from whom its spirit I received,
Protect my child! Reveal to him Thy word!
Bless him, and make him Thy peculiar care!"
The infant smiled. Her trusting soul believed
That smile a token that her prayer was heard.

Sarrain

[illegible] NAISSANCE

..., and fell in
The conscious stream

THE NAIAD.

She sits upon the mossy bank of her own native stream, her light limbs pendent in the current, the feathery fern bends gracefully over the water, as if listening to the little fall, and the wild flowers bloom gaily on the margin: she is garlanded with flowers, and the star of a higher than mortal destiny shines brightly above her; yet the immortal mourns!

Why bows her beautiful head? Why droop those shadowy eyelids? Why hang those exquisite arms supine upon the mossy bank? Death has for thee no terrors, beautiful spirit of a glen! Disease affects thee not, nor pain: what sorrow, then, oppresses thee? Murmurs the breeze less sweetly through the trees? Is the song of the cascade less joyous than of yore? Is the hue of the wild rose faded? Wherefore art thou sad?

From her oozy bower, she looked forth along the mossy bank. Forms of human beauty trod the elastic soil. The impress of their footsteps was stamped upon the broken fern-leaf. She listened to the voice of human love, the sigh that is not of grief trembled upon the air, and fell in musical vibration on the stream. The conscious stream

trembled in sympathy, and the circling ripples cast interwoven shadows on the grassy carpet of her own crystal hall. They have cast a shadow even upon her! She saw the mantling blush of young affection;—she *felt* the beating of two human hearts! The breeze sang as sweetly as ever in the tall trees—the cascade murmured as gently its soft hymn of praise. Slowly she rose from her oozy bower. Supine upon the bank the immortal lay, and her chilled bosom heaved with unwonted woe. She gazed upon the perishing wild-flowers and groaned. The broken fern-leaf rose from the passing tread, but the immortal was alone!—eternally alone!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

DURING the Reign of Terror, when there remained hardly a dwelling in France upon the lintel of whose doors the cross of blood might not have been traced—but as a sign of sacrifice, not of salvation, enviable was the fortune of those who were permitted to die in peace; more blessed still, if they were enabled in their last hours, even stealthily and scantily, to partake of the consolations of religion: for, the altars were all deserted and the religious houses broken up, and their ministers and tenants, if by rare chance they could evade torture and persecution, were only too eager to absent themselves from their desecrated posts of worship and duty, lest they should be compelled to bear a part in those fearful orgies by which the archdemons of the Republic (be it remembered, the legitimately-begotten children of the courtly and imposing French monarchy) trumpeted forth to the world that liberty, and equality, and sensual indulgence had succeeded to the empire of bigotry, and credulity, and spiritual despotism.

But as far as were concerned a shelter removed from alarm, and the tending of a faithful and devout spiritual guide, the last moments of Madame Leoni might be called enviable and blessed. She was not able, it was true, to

reach Italy, for whose sounds and scenes she had longed with a passionate desire; but a small town at the foot of the Alps received her, and she could enjoy the luxury of fancying that it was but those snowy peaks which divided her from the land of her yearning—without dread of the tocsin breaking her reveries, or of her sight being blasted by any of those ghastly spectacles which were making Paris a hell. And it was like the bliss of a dream, that the arm which supported her, and the voice which whispered hope and comfort in her ear, should belong to her eldest playmate and friend, Aurelie Valcour, whom she had missed from the world of balls, and spectacles, and triumphs,—from the world of prosperity and beauty, where her fortune and her loveliness might have entitled her too to play a brilliant part,—to meet her again —the one a heart-broken, dying fugitive,—the other a pale, patient, low-voiced Sister of Charity!

"Is that the sunshine upon the snow, Aurelie?" said the enfeebled woman, one bright evening, when the two had for some time sat together in silence; "Is that the sun upon the hilltop? or is it the dazzling in my eyes only?"

The Sister rose up gravely, and went to the window; but commanded her voice, as coming back she said, "Shall I call Ida?"

"O God! You think I am dying?—No, no, for our blessed Mother's sake, not yet! There is a burden on my mind of dark, wicked, wandering thoughts; do not expose me to my child! but I cannot pass away till I have confessed them, Aurelie; you see," with a passing smile, "I

have not learned your convent name!—Will you not hear me?"

"*Will* I?" and the Sister made a pillow for the throbbing forehead of the penitent on her shoulder.

"It is about my marriage, Aurelie,—my hateful marriage! They forced me to it when I was fifteen: the daughter of a bankrupt merchant ought to be too proud, they said, of an alliance with a Count Leoni; and my brothers, haughty as they boasted themselves to be, could stoop to sell their sister for their own advancement;—could laugh at me when I told them I did not, could not, *would* not love him; they could taunt me with being silly and romantic, and not caring for them. They were ruined else; yes, they got to shore,—but it was on my wreck!—what mattered it?"

"But Count Leoni made you a kind husband?"

"Kind!—when I hated his very shadow upon the wall!—when I would wake up if his voice crossed the court-yard at early morning, as he came home from some ball or banquet:—kind!—what is kindness without love to such a one as I was? You look afraid of me, Aurelie."

"No, no—but—"

"You need not fear—I have no crimes to confess," exclaimed the dying woman with energy. "Tempted I might be, by many a passing praise of my beauty; by many a taunt at the young girl so cold that she could marry a dotard—tempted by my own heart—but not faithless!"

The meek listener kissed her rosary with a less anxious countenance.

"Oh no! I had enough to warn me, to remind me—to forbid the straying of a single look! There was one of our old play-fellows . . . Aurelie, do you remember the Chateau Lafeu, with its orangery—and how the wind used to sigh in the old court-yard?"

"And you have met *him* again?"

"Yes, Aurelie, and he is a rising man now. May the Saints forgive me—but I cannot speak of him! Now—now—" and she drew a miniature from her person with a desperate effort—"now I am delivered—the spell is broken. Aurelie, as you love me, never let my daughter see that picture!"

"She is at the door—Sybille—would you not see her? it would calm you—for she is a sweet, affectionate child!"

"Not yet—not yet! for my tale is to come.—Here is Armand now! Oh hide me—hide me!" and she almost sprung from the couch in the delirium of her fancy. Then sinking back—"I thought I heard his feet in the court-yard—as they came on that last terrible morning. You have asked whether Leoni was kind to me. As years crept on—he became jealous, and violent, and avaricious—the body lived long, long after the mind was dead. I had borne his weary company—and his deliberate courtesy; and I had borne his narrow, unsympathizing spirit: he would laugh whenever he saw a generous young man, Aurelie! But from this he became a torturer! He began to deny himself pleasure, food, and rest, that he might deny them to us also! For two years I never knew what it was to be ten minutes alone. He would watch me whilst I sat, and while I talked

to and taught my daughter; and when I lay awake at night, I knew by his breathing that he was awake too. O! if there be any merit in resisting temptation—in remaining patient in the appointed prison-house when the door is open, I shall die at peace! Let not Ida come in for yet a moment—my tale is all but done." And with less emotion did Madame Leoni complete her story.

"It was not till I felt my life and my reason giving way—you thought I *was* mad when you came to me first, Aurelie! not till then, and when I feared for Ida more than myself—that I wrote. For two long years had *billets* been hidden under my pillow—by whose agency, I never so much as asked—for two long years had an eye, and a smile, and a whisper crossed my path whenever I went abroad—for their sakes, even before the troubles broke out—I left off going to mass—they followed me there also! It was not till my spirit was quite broken, and I *did* write! but it was not as I can see you are fancying, by those sorrowful, ashamed eyes of yours!—it was to denounce Leoni! but not to *him!* as I am dying! I never so much as guessed *who* would answer.

"I had no sooner despatched my letter to the fatal tribunal than a terror of shame and repentance seized me for what I had done. To have played the part of a spy—of a secret informer! and for me, who had been so proud in my virtue! and to know what the end must be, it was horrible! Was I then sunk to be a base and cruel murderess? The old man sat before me at supper—murmuring to himself as was his custom—and my Ida beside me, every instant put-

ting her little hand within mine, as if she doubted whether or not I was alive!—both silent. I would have given a king's ransom to know it was but a dream—to be sure my senses were leaving me.

"I crept to my chamber with shame and silence. Hour after hour struck, and I knew that my deliverance must be so much nearer its accomplishment! It was in the deadest time—the earliest gray of the dawn—that they came, that I heard them knocking at the door. None durst descend to open it; but Ida lay half dead in my arms, for she knew that the sound meant the prison and guillotine, though for whom she knew not. The old man was easily bound, for he was very weak. He cried for me piercingly: though it was but a feint, I knew, his cry made me shiver. But I could not answer! Had I spoken, it would have been to own my deed, to involve myself—my daughter, perhaps. So I lay still, and they took him away!

"They were yet on the stairs; when one of them, the head of the party, burst rudely into my chamber. Thank God, my heart did not then leap with anything but surprise and horror to see him;—it was Armand Clairac! By his hair and by his cockade I knew him as one of the tribunal; he had traced the handwriting of the letter; he had divined the wicked thoughts under which it had been written; he had made haste to insure my vengeance: and now he came bold, ardent, insolent,—secure of his reward. Ida had fainted on my bosom as he entered, so that she heard not the audacity of his words; she did not hear him triumph at the removal of a barrier. What I replied, I know not; but,

despite his assurance of success, he shrunk from the chamber like a beaten hound, when I told him that if he approached me I would kill him! And then I *could* have done it: those were not days to sleep without a poniard at the bedside! He was gone at last, and—and—I saw him no more."

The speaker's voice, which for many seconds had been sinking, in spite of the passionate haste of her narrative, now utterly failed her. Back she fell upon the pillows of the couch, and her head, which she had raised in the energy of her tale, sunk again gradually and heavily upon the shoulder of the Sister of Charity, who called Ida aloud and eagerly. The girl was at the mother's knees in a moment, clasping the relaxing hand, and looking up into the features from which life was fading, with a scared and agonized gaze, —but she dared not speak. Long lasted that awful silence, until broken by a burst of violent sorrow,—for Madame Leoni did not utter so much as a sigh more!

THE LANGUAGE OF EYES.

BY G. P. R.

TRUST not word or tone:
  Both may be affected;
Since e'en sighs have shown
  Secrets least expected.

All that smiles can speak,
  All the hopes they give thee,
Red lip, rosy cheek,
  Still may but deceive thee.

Eyes the truth must tell;
  Feelings we deem hidden
In the bosom's cell
  Looks reveal unbidden.

Hands may coldly meet
  In a formal greeting;
Careless lips repeat
  Idle words at meeting.

But the heart to know,
In the eyes read solely;
Silence there can show
Its recesses wholly.

There, joy unexpressed
Gaily, lightly dances;
Without will, confessed,
Thence the pleasure glances.

There love tells the tale
Lips repressed so often;
Nought cold words avail,
When the eyes thus soften.

There gleam unshed tears
From the fount of Pity;
Painted there appears
Thought sublime and witty.

Ah! and there, too, Scorn
Hath her venom darted,
And to hopes new-born
Sudden blight imparted.

Passion, sternly curbed,
By the tongue unbreathed,
There, with look disturbed,
Has his lightnings wreathed.

There Hope sheds her light
Brightly now, now faintly;
There Truth meets the sight
With her aspect saintly.

Read, then, in the looks,
What the lips deny thee,
While those Sibyl Books
Shine so clearly by thee.

Should words uttered be
For thy heart's assurance?
Ah! if eyes be free,
Though the tongue's in durance,

All you burn to know,
They will tell you plainly,
While the lips below
Keep their secret vainly.

THE CONFESSION.

THE CONFESSION.

NAY, dearest Clare, say why that questioning look?
Is it so strange, then, that our ancient customs,
Which make a parent's will the rule of fate,
Should sometimes chime with nature? True it is,
We were affianced ere we knew of love,
Or woke to the heart's secrets; but when first
I saw thee gazing on the arrowy Rhone,
Just where it enters Valais,—start not now,
Nor frown!—I knew not then, thou knowest, nor dreamed
That the fair vision was my Clare—I hated
Oh, how I hated, Clare, thy very name!—
A name that stood between thee and thyself!—
A giant shade, impassable as death!
I saw,—I loved! 'Twas the heart's first awakening!
From my retreat behind the old oak tree,
I gazed upon an angel!—would have spoken—
But that I knew too well the vision bright
At the first sound would vanish.
Oh, how oft
In calm and tempest—day and night—I sought
That self-same spot—asked of the mocking woods,
And the unheeding rocks, "*Who can she be?*"

And bade the arrowy Rhone to bear my curse
To Clare,—*to thee*, my blessing!
What weak fools
Love makes of reasoning men! Had all my prayer
Been heeded, half had met in middle air
The other half, and like two waves of sound
That blending sink to silence, had been *nought!*
Leaving my rage a void—my hopes a blank!

Time passed—my father's stern decree compelled—we met.
In wild despair, resolved that flight or death
Should break the bonds of fate, hither I came,
To find—oh, Heaven!—my angel in my Clare!

THE GREEK WIFE.

"And so, thou pathless and perpetual sea!
So o'er thy deeps I brooded, and must brood.
In storm, in calm; at morn and eventide;
Still have I stood beside thee; and out-thrown
My spirit onward on thine element;—
Beyond thine element."

SEASIDE MEDITATIONS, BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

I LOVE thee best, old Ocean! when
  Thy waters flow all ripplingly;
And dimpling lake, in inland glen,
  May seem almost the type of Thee;
And when long-lingering lights of eve
  Pause o'er thy waves that hardly heave;

And anchored vessels, seen afar
  Athwart the bay, with slanting shrouds,
And crossing lines of rope and spar,
  Hang pictured on the yellow clouds;
While silence, from the placid shore,
May count each beat of distant oar.

And spirit airs—or so they seem—
  Are whispering of some far-off land;
For then doth fancy love to dream
  Along thy visionary strand,

And winneth tender thoughts from thee,—
Perchance too tender—gentle sea!

No mother-home is world of ours
For dreamy tenderness alone,
But a rough school; and sturdier powers,
That wrestle with the sigh, the groan,
And thoughts heroical and free,
Are thy bold teaching—stormy sea!

And, hence, not all unpleased I view,
Yet with no meanly safe delight,
Yon chafing surge of inky hue,
And foam, which, ominously white
As the white garments of the grave,
Toss on the black and greedy wave.

And all beneath this dark-browed sky,
By lightning flashes shown more dark,
I watch with onward straining eye,
Yet saddened too, yon Grecian bark,
Whose stoutest hand scarce holds the helm
'Mid whirling waves that rush to whelm.

That bark to aid, a torch's light
Is gleaming through the troubled air;
She lifts it there! In wild affright
A wife—a mother—lifts it there
For him, who, spite of coming wreck,
In calmness treads his splitting deck.

And yet *one* pang he scarce may brook—
He knows who lights that dangerous strand—
Oh, might he gather one last look!
Clasp but once more that loving hand!
And doth love die, indeed, with breath?
Or rules he in the realms of death?

She, too, could feet like wishes fly,
Would rush to tread that deck with him.
Again she rears the torch on high,
But, half extinct, the torch is dim,
Or flickers useless light behind,
Back driven by the cruel wind.

If that brave bark may triumph yet,
No guardian spirit comes to tell;
Or if the prayers, in terror met,
Bend vainly, now, o'er yonder swell,
As when, on that disastrous night,
Abydos saw the failing light.

If that brave bark may triumph yet
We know not how decreed above;
But *this* for lesson sure is set,
That courage firm and faithful love,
Or if they live, or if they die,
Have each fulfilled their mission high.

Where faithful love, where courage glows,
The patriot virtues find their birth,

And thrive in home's serene repose,
  Till, bursting from the household hearth,
Through a whole land her every son
At duty's call upstarts as one.

Through what a bitter tract of time
  Hast thou not mourned, Ægean wave!
Each dweller of thy storied clime,
  A struggler now—and now a slave—
In war—in peace—struck down, or vexed
By Roman—first—by Moslem—next.

Yet faithful love ne'er fled the shore,
  And courage old still lingers there:
And fresh-sprung freedom, more and more,
  Shall nurture in her generous air
High souls of women and of men,
Till Salamis revive again!

THE END.

C. SHERMAN, PRINTER.